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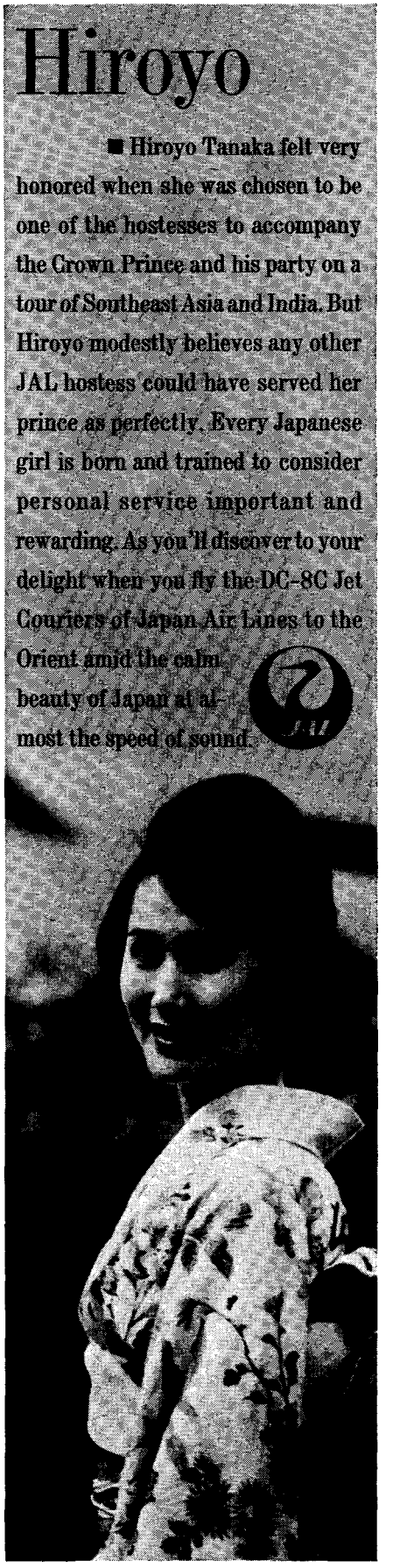
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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AN EDITOR'S vacation travels invariably turn into a busman's holiday. **Max Ascoli** was in Switzerland when he got the first details of President Kennedy's momentous speech on the Berlin crisis, and his editorial —setting forth his own reactions as well as an informal report on the reception among Europeans—was cabled from Italy. He also asked **Edmond Taylor** in Paris to send the analysis of the Bizerte crisis which appears in the "Notes" section.

BIG GOVERNMENT in the United States is approaching one of those milestones in social revolution historians later seize on to mark off a new era: the burden of government paper work will become so vast that it could not be completed manually even if every man, woman, and child in the entire country were to work at it around the clock. The drudgery will be performed instead by computing machines. **David Bergamini,** an assistant editor at *Life,* discusses the present accomplishments and future possibilities of these amazing machines, which not only have an enormous capacity for storing information but are increasingly developing an ability to solve problems of the greatest complexity. Despite all the publicity that has been given to the military applications of the new thinking machines, it seems more than likely that in the long run their greatest usefulness and their greatest impact upon human society will lie, like those of atomic energy, in their peaceful applications. And in this regard, the important question is not whether the machines will be clever enough to do their jobs but whether we will be wise enough to know what jobs they ought to do.

THERE HAS BEEN a growth of "neutralism" in South Vietnam, a desire to withdraw from the East-West struggle and create a "warless area" in Southeast Asia. Thus, as **Denis Warner** writes, it is encouraging that there is also a new awareness among American military aides with the Vietnamese Army that the fight against the Viet Cong must be thought of as primarily a social and economic contest rather than a purely military one. Mr. Warner is an Australian journalist in Southeast Asia. . . . Khrushchev regards Iran as an overripe fruit that will automatically drop into his lap without his having to exert himself to any great extent. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent, reports from Teheran on the new Iranian premier's attempts to set his country's affairs in order. . . . Staff writer **Meg Greenfield** has courageously devoted herself to the marvelously tangled facts and nonfacts in the famous affair of Newburgh, New York. . . . **Aziz Ahmed,** Pakistani ambassador to the United States, discusses the progress of President Mohammad Ayub Khan's bloodless revolution in his country. . . . There has been a great deal of argument about the alleged change of direction in the Supreme Court's attitudes on the question of political freedom. **Anthony Lewis,** who covers the Court's proceedings for the New York *Times,* discusses its record since the decisions in this field that were handed down five years ago.

AS A POSTSCRIPT to the unlamented era of Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas de Trujillo Molina in the Dominican Republic, we publish a tourist's-eye report on life in Ciudad Trujillo during those heroic days from **Elaine Kendall,** a free-lance writer. . . . **Nat Hentoff,** whose *The Jazz Life* is published by Dial, writes about the changed status of jazz musicians and jazz itself in America. . . . **Alastair Buchan,** director of the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, reviews two new appraisals of the patterns of nuclear war. . . . **Sidney Alexander** lives in Florence and has recently completed a second volume in his study of Michelangelo. The first, *Michelangelo the Florentine,* was published by Random House. . . . **Alfred Kazin** reviews James Baldwin's latest book. . . . **Lloyd McKim Garrison** traveled in Africa with the American student volunteer organization Crossroads Africa. . . . **George Steiner's** latest book, *The Death of Tragedy,* is published by Knopf.

Our cover is by **Gil Miret.**

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Our once-a-year report UNCOMMON VALUES IN COMMON STOCKS is just now off the press. This carefully researched report lists the ten stocks which we think are most likely to prosper during the year ahead. ☐ **Selection Was an Enormous Task** Choosing these ten stocks was no easy job. Shearson research analysts personally visited the plants and offices of the nation's leading corporations, interviewed top management, and pored over a welter of published and unpublished corporate information. Their detailed reports were discussed at length by Shearson's investment policy board. Individual industry specialists were called in, their intimate knowledge of specific companies expertly probed, confirming a conviction—or a doubt. UNCOMMON VALUES IN COMMON STOCKS is the considered result of this months-long, painstaking research effort. ☐ **How Foolproof Are the Ten Selections?** No one can say for certain, "Here are the ten best stocks to buy." But careful research can suggest which securities are most likely to show outstanding gains in a year of great market selectivity. These are stocks which enjoy a broad market and have earned the investor's respect by a solid, consistent profit performance. Each of the ten has some important plus factor in products, marketing or management not yet clearly reflected in the price of the stock. ☐ **Which Ten and Why** The report analyzes the ten stocks—including issues in missiles and electronics . . . motors . . . utilities . . . chemicals . . . drugs . . . finance . . . and other growth industries—and the reasons *why* each stock was chosen. Included in the booklet is a twelve-year record of performance which dramatically illustrates the value of these recommendations. ☐ **Get Your Copy of the New Report Now** Anyone who is interested in sound, reasoned stock selection will want to read this compact 28-page booklet. Shearson will mail you a copy for only $1.00. Fill in the coupon below, clip it out and mail it today. It could prove to you why Shearson has earned the reputation of "the firm that research built."

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(turn to page 49)

CORRESPONDENCE

HOPE IN BERLIN

To the Editor: Your editorial "The Long Moment of Truth" (*The Reporter*, July 20) offered me at least two "moments of truth." First, as a long-time Berliner, I am warmed when a writer conveys something of the spirit of my city. Probably no one has done so more succinctly than your half dozen words: "In Berlin freedom is a fact."

Secondly, any German old enough to have memories remembers almost daily that he lives not only in a divided homeland but in a divided Europe. Living here in the heart of Europe, perhaps we Germans should speak up more often than we do about the human implications of this partition of a continent. I suppose we are inhibited by our awareness that after all it was a German dictator who touched off the events back in the 1930's that made possible the more recent events that bedevil my country and yours today. All the more do we welcome it when an American opinion-former speaks up for all of us against the background of his nation's role of world leadership.

I am thinking particularly of an interpretation in your editorial that struck me as both a warning and a prophecy: Berlin "holds the hope of life not only for the people of East Germany but for all the Europeans under Communist rule. . . . In the coming months . . . whatever we do will be not only for our own survival but for the people on the other side."

RICHARD MOENNIG
Bonn

THE RADICAL RIGHT

To the Editor: It would be difficult to express the depth of our appreciation for Philip Horton's excellent and comprehensive "Revivalism on the Far Right," in the July 20 issue of *The Reporter*. How desperately in need of education our leaders in the armed forces must be to buy such a dangerous program! If this movement is as entrenched on a national scale as deeply as it appears to be, I sometimes wonder if we will have a country to fight for.

BETH PATTERSON
Pensacola, Florida

To the Editor: What with the frustrations of modern existence and with the American tendency to be done with it and get on with the job, the logic of the Far Right is very convincing. I find more and more evidence of a desire on people's part to "do something." This is just as true of liberals as of conservatives. When they are frustrated from doing something, they are going to be looking around for people who do offer them the means. Today the middle road is hard and difficult; negotiation is difficult. The Far Right offers action. As the struggle with Russia becomes

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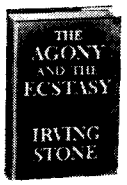

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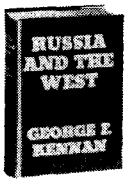

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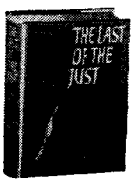

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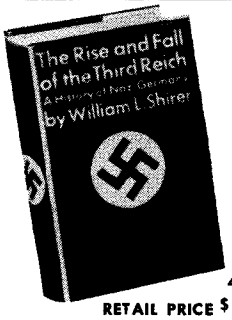

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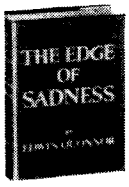

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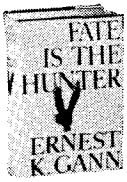

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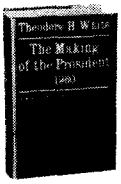

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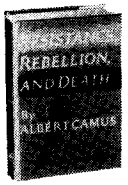

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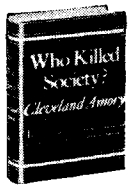

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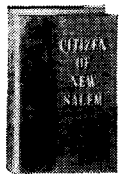

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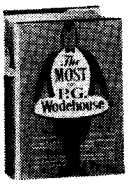

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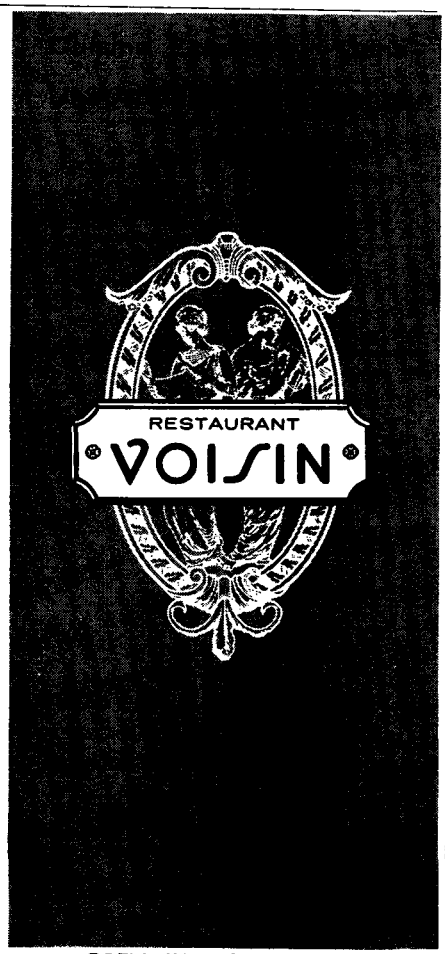

OPEN JULY & AUGUST

more unabashed, the action-now, pay-later school of thought will grow more powerful. The kind of action which gave rise to our Cuba policy will become more popular. A really frightening and alarming thing about the Cuban fiasco was that it is the first step in the direction of a philosophy of sheer survival as opposed to a philosophy of survival with ideals.

CLEM MILLER
First District, California
House of Representatives
Washington

To the Editor: Mr. Horton's findings are consistent with the ones Dr. Harris and I described in our "American Right Wing" study. It is interesting to note that my academic friends refused to take us seriously while we were working on our study, but now it is obvious to everyone that the American right wing cannot be ignored as just a bunch of crackpots.

It is my guess that they will be successful in infiltrating our public school systems because the typical school administrator is not well enough educated to comprehend the significance of groups like these.

RALPH E. ELLSWORTH
Director of Libraries
University of Colorado
Boulder

To the Editor: You are clearly against unsophisticated private enterprise in anti-Communist activity, as in the case of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, the National Education Program, *ad infinitum;* you are bitterly against private organizations collaborating with government (Army, Navy, Air Force, or FBI) in such work; and you ask the whole spectrum of senators to reconsider their idea of a strictly government institution for the purpose, such as the Freedom Academy. Must we not assume that you are against any specifically anti-Communist activity—period? All the unlikes are yoked under the misleading title of "Revivalism on the Far Right." This amalgam tactic is one of the oldest devices of "you know who."

ARTHUR G. MCDOWELL
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CRIME AND NONPUNISHMENT

To the Editor: I want to express my appreciation for the Daniel P. Moynihan's "The Private Government of Crime" (*The Reporter*, July 6). In my judgment, the importance of disseminating such information is no less important than keeping the public informed on domestic political matters and on foreign affairs. The great tragedy, and one which is inevitably a part of the total trend which has made for our country going downhill in so many respects, is this matter of complete indifference on the part of those people in government who

(*Continued on page 10*)

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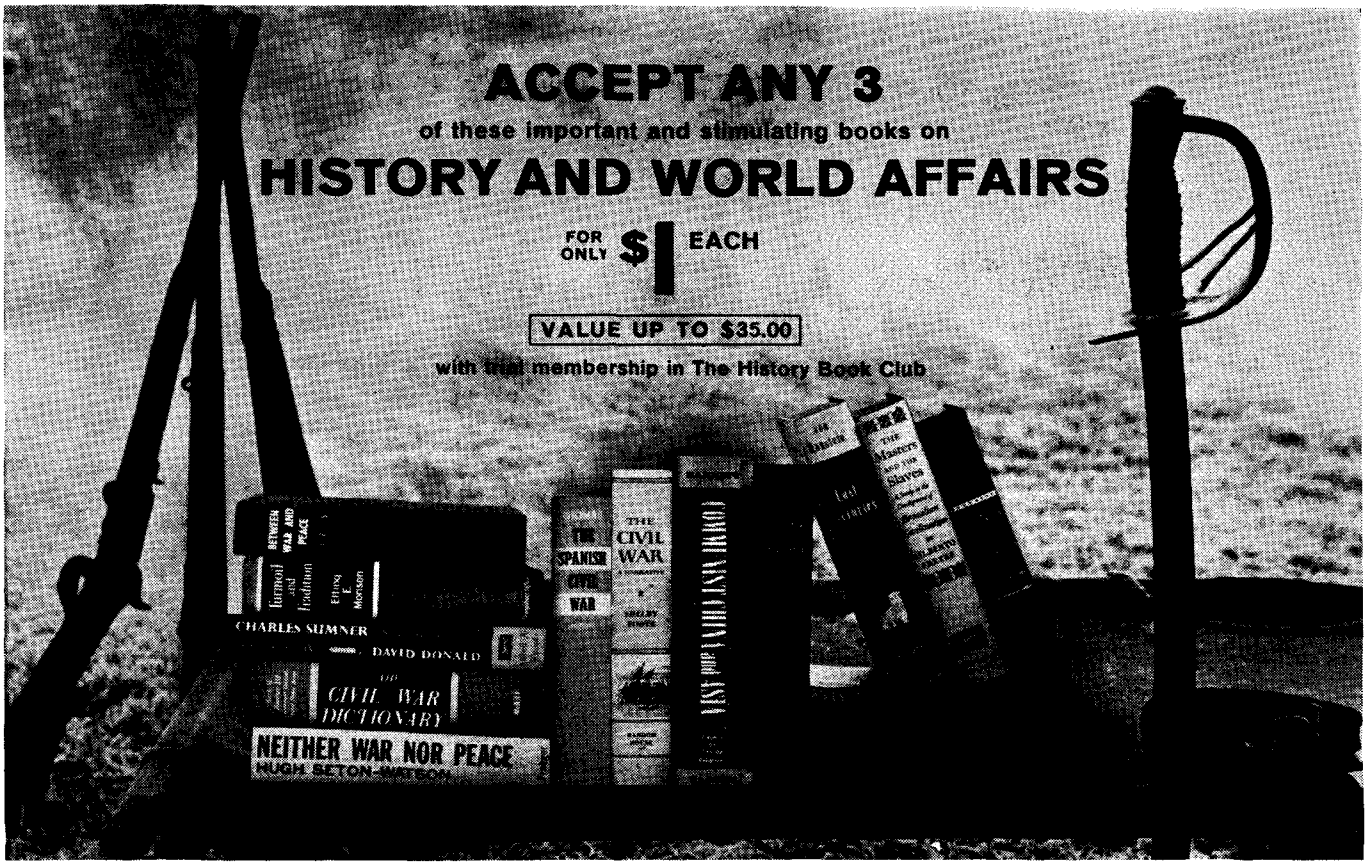

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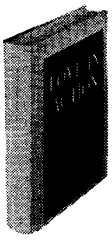

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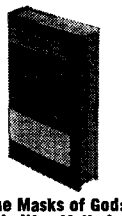

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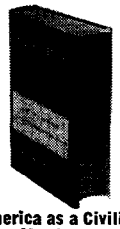

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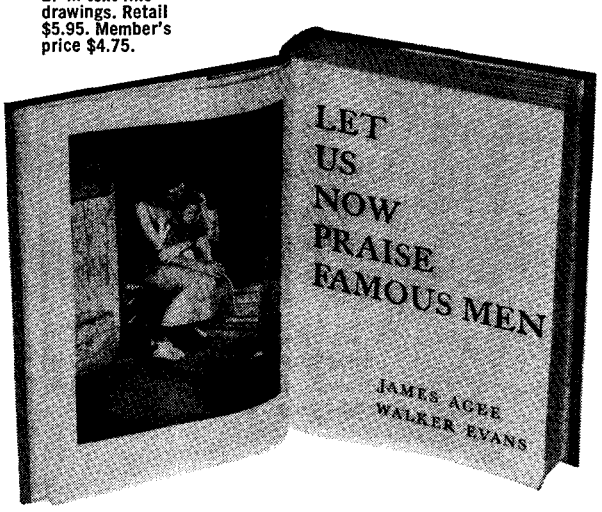

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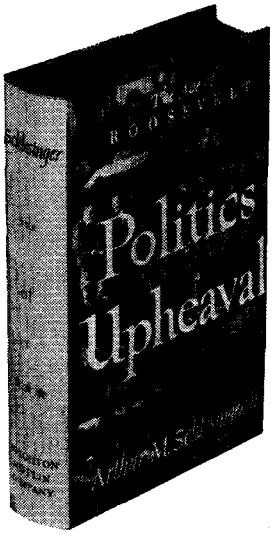

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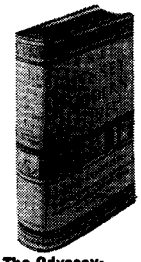

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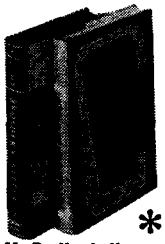

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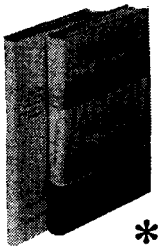

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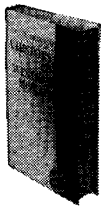

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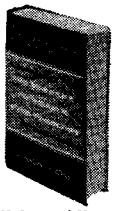

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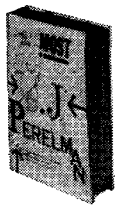

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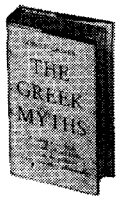

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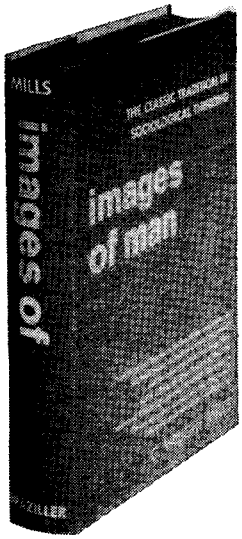

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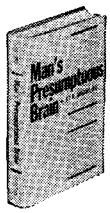

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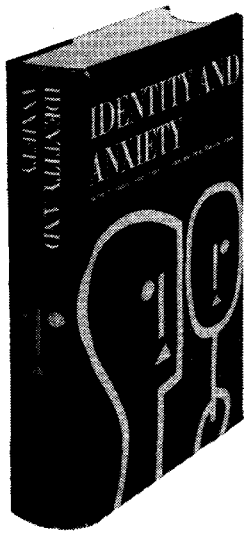

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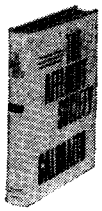

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are paid to keep to a minimum, and where possible to completely curtail, the ever widening influences that are exerted by the big gambling syndicates.

HAROLD B. SOMER
New York

To the Editor: I have read Mr. Moynihan's article with much interest. In most respects it covers the situation amply. My own experience, fifty-six years as a practicing lawyer, fifteen of them in a metropolitan area, where I was a public prosecutor two years, and the past twenty years as a judge in a resort area which is flooded for eight or nine months every year with all the footloose citzenry of both St. Louis and Kansas City, has, I believe, given me a background capable of weighing and evaluating matters of that sort.

However, your writer has made the one common error of all who seek a better civic atmosphere. He forgets that *people get exactly the form and quality of government they deserve.* I am referring of course to our own nation, which is presumptively, at least, based upon personal franchise.

I am afraid that all this discussion we have had, all the Congressional committees, all the efforts of the crime busters and their ilk, have been directed at a symptom and not the disease, which in my opinion arises from a public fat with plenty, self-satisfied with its accomplishment, and devoted to personal ease and pleasure. Such an electorate seldom produces devoted officials; and when it does, seldom backs them up in their efforts to give good service.

All too frequently I have seen prosecutors work diligently to prepare a case, present it admirably, show conclusively that the defendant was guilty, and then have a jury return a verdict of not guilty or at most assess a trivial punishment. I have seen police and other officers work day and night to develop a case, give up their "off time" to be present at court, and then see the criminal go scot free because of mawkish sentimentality or worse on the part of the jurors.

Do not think I am against jury trials. Bad as they are, I would not exchange them for any other system. But if the American public really wants law enforcement (and I am thoroughly convinced it does not if it in the least affects its fun or pocketbooks), then that system must be bettered. And that can only occur when the substantial citizen quits howling his head off and pulling strings to be relieved from jury duty. The way it is, I can well understand the public official throwing up his hands and exclaiming, "Oh, what's the use!"

The real cure and only cure for our present difficulties lies in a moral resurgence in the public. Still, I thank your magazine for such articles as Mr. Moynihan's calling such things impressively before our minds.

A. J. BOLINGER, Judge
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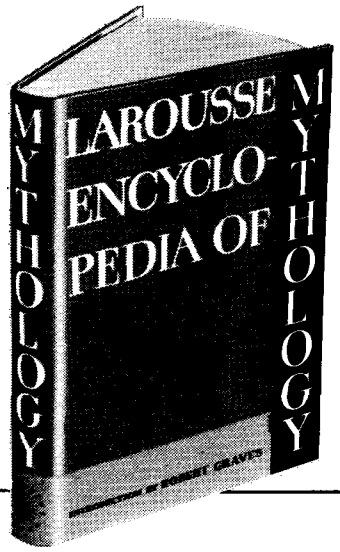

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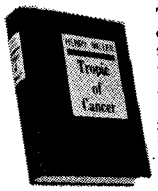

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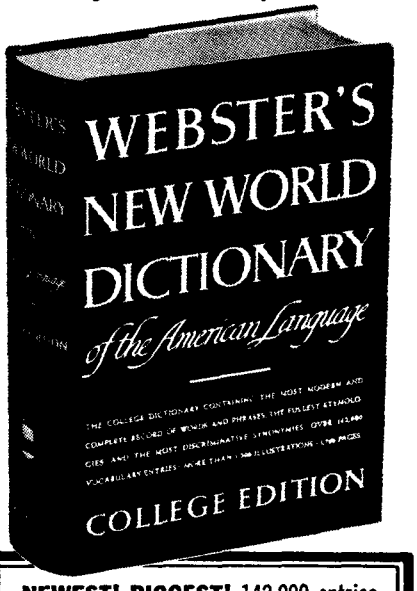

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Battle of Bizerte

PARIS

One of the least expected but most instructive developments of the international crisis provoked by the tragic muddle at Bizerte is the abrupt change in the climate of French opinion. On Friday, July 28, a few hours before the inconclusive session of the U.N. Security Council in New York, the atmosphere prevailing both in newspaper editorial rooms and in ministerial antechambers here seemed saturated with despair when it did not crackle with menace. President de Gaulle and Premier Michel Debré were reliably reported to have talked about the U.N. in terms so violent as to suggest that France might be on the point of walking out of the organization for good. Despite the strong U.S. support for the French position that had been manifested since the first clash at Bizerte, many Frenchmen were inexplicably grumbling about the "lukewarm" American attitude in the Security Council, and there was widespread apprehension that in the upcoming debate the classic American disapproval of colonialism would outweigh Atlantic solidarity, as it had at the time of Suez. The cease-fire around Bizerte seemed to be hanging by a thread. The news that the F.L.N. delegation had broken off the second round of negotiations with the French at Château Lugrin deepened the gloom in Paris and sharpened the temptation to embark on new military adventures in North Africa. There was much irresponsible talk about "Operation Long Plow"—a French attack on the F.L.N. military bases in northern Tunisia—to complete the results achieved by "Short Plow" in breaking the Tunisian siege of the French base at Bizerte.

Less than a week later, though the local situation around Bizerte was nearly as tense as it ever had been and the Tunisians were trying to mobilize the U.N. General Assembly against France, all these miasmas of the night seemed to have been blown away. "Long Plow" was out of the news and the faults of the U.N. had stayed as a favorite conversation piece. Analysis of the Algerian statements about the broken negotiations at Lugrin had led the French to conclude that the rupture might not be final, and the French Minister for Algerian Affairs, Louis Joxe, in a radio-TV report to the nation, had courageously gone out of his way to drop a hint about possible French concessions on the Sahara if the talks should some day resume.

To a foreign observer the tone adopted by French officials in talking about Bourguiba and the whole Bizerte problem seemed particularly striking. France, they make it plain, is quite prepared to negotiate with Tunisia about the future of the Bizerte base; and though it is not officially admitted, it is evident that the French are tolerating—even encouraging—U.S. efforts behind the scenes to work out some kind of a face-saving formula for solution of the basic dispute over evacuation of the base. If formal negotiations between France and Tunisia finally get under way, it is unlikely that the French attitude will be overbearing or intransigent.

"General de Gaulle, who likes to negotiate from a position of force," admits the left-wing opposition weekly *France-Observateur*, "would

(*Continued on page 16*)

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 17 issue your next copy will be dated September 14. Our regular fortnightly schedule will then be resumed. The dropping of these summer issues does not affect the number of copies each subscriber receives.

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WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM *Nikita Khrushchev*

"A Communist," he said in his report to the Central Committee on February 14, 1956, "has no right to be a mere onlooker."

The free world may deplore the methods used in the U.S.S.R. to insure the participation of its citizens in the plans of the Kremlin. But no one can deny that Khrushchev, after all, has put his finger on one of the strengths of dictatorship — and one of the weaknesses of democracy.

In our democratic society, you have the freedom of choice to be either active or passive, a doer or an onlooker, as you please. You may choose simply to stand and watch the world go by. That is your privilege, and no one can penalize you.

But if there is no law compelling you to be active, no dictator telling you that you must take your place in the ranks — and sending you to Siberia if you don't — is there not at least an implied moral obligation to be a participant rather than simply a spectator — a moral obligation with a force far greater than a dictator's rule? By definition, democracy is the rule of the people, and there is no rule when the people shirk their responsibilities.

Remember the sense of common purpose that we all shared in World War II, whether we were fighting or doing defense work or helping the Red Cross or planting a victory garden? In wartime, most of us accept the necessity for action — and act. But when the necessity grows less urgent, we tend to forget how stimulating it is to be active in a worthwhile cause, how satisfying the resulting sense of fulfillment. Instead, we fall back into the old habit of letting George do it.

Occasionally, a Presidential election stirs us out of our apathy, and we work for the party and the candidates we favor — or at least take the trouble to vote. But after it's over, too many of us slip back into the complacent role of the onlooker.

There are many Americans who regard citizenship as a sinecure, reluctantly paying taxes but making no attempt to influence what is happening in the government and the community. Others are too fastidious or too phlegmatic to espouse a cause and work for it. Still others fear involvement and prefer to stay on the surface of things, shunning commitment but reserving the right to criticize. They are living phantom lives, wasting both the unique opportunities for action afforded by our democracy and their own potentialities as human beings.

They willingly pay lip service to the two principles of conduct that motivated our founding fathers — *do your part* and *do your best*—forgetting that the operative word in each case is *do*. Intention, resolution, decision, determination—these are not enough. No one will take the thought for the deed. There is no credit — and very little satisfaction — in standing on the sidelines. Participation is what counts — participation in the service of whatever cause is closest to your heart, whatever purpose appeals most strongly to your intelligence.

Work to improve your local school or library or hospital. Collect to help conquer the diseases that now conquer men. Teach English to newcomers, read to the blind, join a church project. Run for public office — or work for someone else who is running. Further a cause you believe in by organizing a group to support it — or at least by taking pen in hand. As Ecclesiastes put it: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

We citizens of this democracy cannot allow ourselves simply to stand by in a world where no Communist has the right to be a mere onlooker. We must bestir ourselves, accept both the responsibility and the opportunity for service to community and country, find our respective causes and serve them with a will.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said back in 1884:

> *As life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time, at the peril of being judged not to have lived.*

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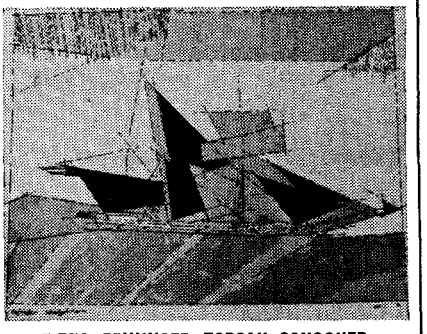

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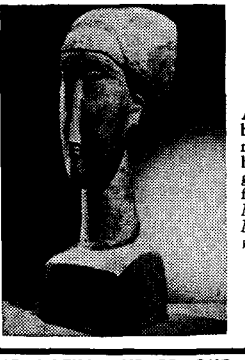

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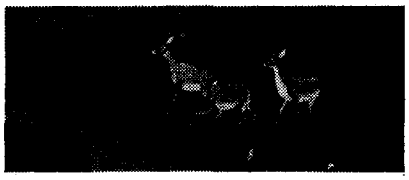

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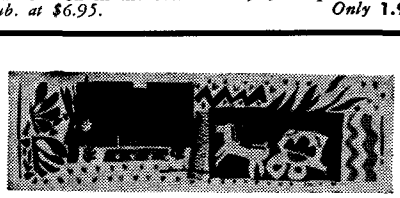

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probably recognize the chance to repair in some measure the damage wrought by the immense blunder of the Bizerte massacre."

Various factors have helped clear the French official mind of the morbid and delusive influences that beclouded it during the earlier phases of the Bizerte crisis, but objective observers here generally agree that the decisive one was the revolution in American foreign policy that has quietly taken place in the last few weeks. Until quite recently it had seemed to the French —with considerable justification— that there was at best a disturbing dichotomy between our NATO policy and our support of anti-colonialist demagoguery in Africa and Asia. One school of French official opinion even suspected that the Kennedy administration was primarily oriented toward a cold-war strategy based upon winning the uncommitted nations—which are mostly in Asia and Africa—for the West.

More perceptive French observers have for some time noted a swing away from this concept in Washington. It has become more pronounced since President Kennedy's visit here. U.S. support of the French position in the U.N. and elsewhere since the start of the Bizerte crisis should have removed any lingering French doubts, but for some time they apparently could not believe that American policy had evolved as drastically as it seemed to have done.

It was the talks Adlai Stevenson had here with General de Gaulle and Foreign Minister Couve de Murville which finally convinced the French they were not dreaming. In recent months, Stevenson had come to appear as the archenemy in French eyes because of his ardent wooing of the uncommitted delegations to the U.N. When they discovered that at least as far as the Bizerte problem was concerned he was behaving like their most valuable ally, they realized that the reassuring messages received earlier from Kennedy and Rusk could be taken at their face value. The result has been not only a general improvement in Franco-American relations that is particularly welcome on the eve of the Berlin crisis, but also a marked change for the better in French attitudes toward Tunisia and North Africa generally—and perhaps even toward the U.N.

An interesting footnote on the whole situation is that apparently a shift in American foreign policy away from obsessive preoccupation with the undeveloped countries has been paralleled by a similar change of emphasis in Soviet foreign policy —at least to judge from Khrushchev's relaxed attitude in the Bizerte dispute so far.

"In reality," *France-Observateur*

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Mr. Chen and Mr. Shen, two Formosa gentlemen,
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Mr. Chen and Mr. Shen came to hear and heard again
What we always say here:

Taipei will stay in the U.N.,
Taipei is China's regimen,
We swear it now, we swore it then,
Taipei is China in U.N.

Mr. Chen and Mr. Shen saw Formosa's favored men,
Bridges, Judd, and Luce here;
But Mr. Chen and Mr. Shen, when they get back home again,
May have outlived their use here.

What others say in the U.N.
Will settle China's regimen
No matter how we swore it then
To Mr. Chen and Mr. Shen.

—SEC

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(see page 49)

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remarks somewhat sourly, "Khrushchev and Kennedy agree with de Gaulle's analysis—that it is still in old Europe where the decisive game will be played. The Bizerte crisis looks like a poor relation alongside the Berlin one."

—EDMOND TAYLOR

On to Appomattox

The first episode in the scheduled four-year centennial to commemorate the Civil War threatens to stir deep passions anew, although not necessarily along North-South lines. It was the re-enactment in late July of the First Battle of Manassas, a confusing and costly engagement the first time it occurred, which ended with the Yankees retreating in grim disarray toward the nation's capital. This time, approximately twenty-two hundred combatant-actors, belonging to an organization labeled euphemistically the North-South Skirmishers Association, went through a repeat performance on two successive days. General Thomas Jackson stood like the proverbial stone wall. The Confederate forces of General Pierre Gustave Toutant de Beauregard finally drove the Union forces back. In the 101-degree heat, there were more casualties among spectators than soldiers.

But the real fight began after everybody went home. The Richmond *News Leader* led an editorial attack by remarking, "These sham battles threaten to make a farce of the greatest tragedy of American history. . . . The gaudy show at Bull Run was a noisy piece of amateur theatrics, carried on by overgrown boys who get a thrill out of hearing guns go off." A large number of letters to the editor voiced agreement that our nation's venture into fratricide ought not to be celebrated in quite so jubilant a fashion. One angry correspondent suggested that for the next performance the soldiers be supplied with live ammunition. The country would "thus be free of one of the sicker elements in our society."

An answering volume of letters protested that the Third Battle of Manassas had been conducted with dignity and decorum. A housewife denied a critic's suggestion that only morons had attended, noting that her husband who was there held a Ph.D. from Harvard. A psychoanalyst, having served with one of the Confederate units, suggested that it was the accusers who were sick. "Could it be possible that those who protest so violently against the re-enactment are a bit frightened?" he inquired darkly. To him, it had served as solemn reminder of a time when Americans fought "in defense of principle without the inducements of the GI Bill of Rights . . ."

The problem is pressing because Manassas, as any Civil War buff knows, was only one of a series of celebrated battles. If the Centennialists have their way, there will be similar re-enactments stretching all the way to Appomattox. And if each one provokes as much fury, it will hardly serve—as President Eisenhower last year hoped it might—"to remind all Americans that the bonds which now unite us are as precious as the blood of young men."

Clarification

We are about to explain New York City's mayoralty campaign to you. The candidates are Robert F. Wagner, Arthur Levitt, Lawrence Gerosa, Louis Lefkowitz, Vito Battista, and Stuart Scheftel. Scheftel is a member of the Liberal Party who will not appear on the Liberal Party line because that is where Robert Wagner will appear. The Democratic mayor, however, will not appear in the actual election on the Democratic Party line if the coming primary contest is won by State Comptroller Levitt, who has the backing of the Democratic regulars in all five boroughs. Republican State Attorney General Lefkowitz will probably win the Republican primary over Battista of the United Taxpayers Party, a group of native Poujadists who are expected to end up voting for Gerosa. Gerosa, a former friend of both the party's regular leadership and of the Liberal Party's candidate Wagner, in whose Democratic administration he is now serving as comptroller, is in the race without running mates at all and without a party, supported, as he has confessed, only by "God and the people, the good people." The ranks of the good people, of course, have been diminished by the other candidates for mayor.

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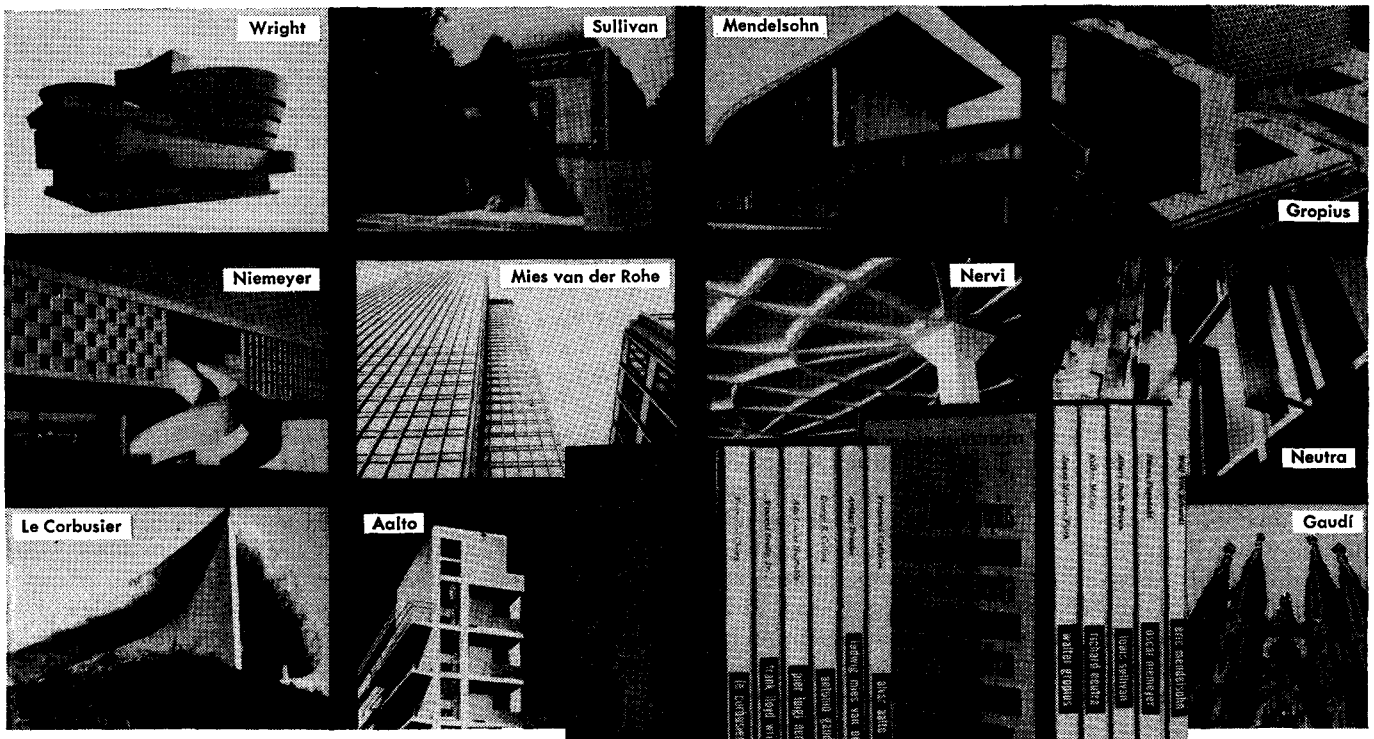

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From Europe

THERE IS an astonishing quality in the reaction of the European press to the President's speech. Everybody is pleased—everybody, that is, who is not a Communist or crypto-Communist. "Pleased" is the generic word that applies to the reactions of the most authoritative papers in France, Germany, England, and as far as I can judge, all over Western Europe. The motivations are obviously different, for in nearly every case the President's words have answered different qualms and apprehensions. But the near unanimity of the comments you read and hear is far more important than the difference of the motivations. That speech was just right. The President has brought about an extraordinary degree of unity in our coalition.

The American traveler accustomed to visit Europe periodically to get the drift of politics there now feels relieved from the nagging embarrassment of having to answer carping criticism of his country's government. Each year, even before you leave the States, you know more or less what old European friends are going to ask and have rehearsed the answers. During the last few years it hasn't been fun. The pre-recorded answers or evasions or sputterings of witticism might sometimes save your standing with your friends, but it was not very pleasant to see that look in their eyes when they let you move on to less embarrassing subjects.

This time, before leaving the States early in July, I had rehearsed what I had to say on Cuba and the squabbles in the President's entourage and the President's capacity to grow to the full measure of his job. Having not been entirely happy myself about all these subjects, I relished with keener anticipation the prospect of walking along the paths of the Engadine than that of meeting some dear European friends. But since the President's speech, I am the first to bring up the subject of the President's capacity for leadership. The American system of choosing the nation's leader is a chancy business. But we have taken a very good chance with Kennedy.

I DO HEAR some people saying, "Yes, yes, your President asks for more weapons and proclaims his willingness to use them, but he doesn't really mean it. It's just his way of letting Khrushchev get the idea that if he doesn't push too hard he can get some of what he wants by negotiating—though not, or not quite, the surrender of Berlin." In all fairness I must add that American commentators have gone much farther along this line than most of the Europeans I have met.

Of course the President wants to negotiate. But in his speech he has proved his awareness of the fundamental fact of our era: the realities of war and peace and negotiation have but a misleading relationship to their time-honored significance. The very qualities that make war seem improbable affect to the same degree both peace and negotiation.

The cause of this is to be found not only in the nature of ultimate warfare but also in the Communists' maniacal ambition of total conquest. They want our resigned acknowledgment of their ever-expanding empire. Of course we cannot possibly consider their avowed determination of global expansion as even remotely tolerable or negotiable. The experience we have gained in negotiating with them at Geneva and elsewhere could not be called brilliant. They constantly offer us the prospect of more or less camouflaged face-saving retreats. We on our part have been preparing for a war that if actually fought could produce incalculable damage and if unfought could produce a retreat to which we might later become reconciled only by telling ourselves that some losses had to be cut anyway.

The President's speech has proved that he can encompass with a steady mind the new meanings of war and peace and negotiations. Preparedness for war, even the actual coming of war, is for him a horrible but not paralyzing prospect.

The President has put the issue of Berlin in its right perspective. The significance of this crisis, which dates back to the end of the Second World War, has been multiplied by the fact that since November, 1958, Khrushchev has been hammering on it with ever-increasing boorishness. And the more he hammers on Berlin, for reasons over which probably the man himself has no control, the more our resolve must become unyielding. The President said it: If we give in there, where next? The stake is no longer Germany or Europe or NATO, but the world-wide civilization of the West. Of course in order to negotiate, as the President said—and he is certainly right—we must see to it that we have a wider choice than humiliation or all-out nuclear action. But he also made it quite clear that he fully understands what negotiation with the Communists entails.

The reliance on all-out massive negotiations with the Kremlin for the resolution of our differences is as incongruous as attempting to resolve these difficulties by all-out massive warfare.

AT THE END of his address, the President spoke of the hard days and weeks that are ahead of him and of us all. There will be many many such days and weeks. It will be very tough. But we have a man at the head of the nation who is entitled to receive what he asked: our support and, as he said, above all, our prayers.

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Government by Computers?

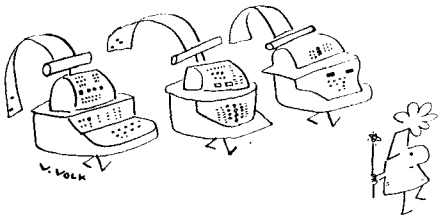
DAVID BERGAMINI

INSTEAD of moving pins on a map, today's generals and admirals are able to feed the immensely complicated strategies and logistics of an entire modern war into a machine and, within a matter of minutes, be told who won. The process is still somewhat crude, but those who make and use electronic computers claim that the predictions are becoming increasingly accurate.

What is more, the computers' findings are beginning to affect important government defense decisions. It is not easy to demonstrate these effects, for most of the computerized calculation that goes into such decisions—like its old-fashioned human equivalent—is highly classified. But last December, largely as a result of a bitter conflict between Pentagon planners over competing nuclear strategies, the public was treated to a brief glimpse of just what the computers are up to.

The Air Force was pushing hard for a costly "counterforce strategy" predicated on graduated and highly selective retaliation against enemy military targets. The Navy and Army argued that the best and cheapest deterrence was the threat to destroy the enemy's population centers. During this argument, according to a series of articles in the Washington *Star*, Air Force planners put the strategic alternatives to their computers. All-out nuclear war was fought mathematically again and again on the machines—in terms of population distributions, bomb sizes, and defenses—each time with a different set of assumptions. And each time, no matter who struck first, with how much, against whatever possible preparations, the calculations showed that as long as cities were the targets, fifty-five to ninety per cent of Americans would die as against only twenty to thirty-five per cent of Russians.

If they do nothing else, these appalling statistics underscore the evidence on every hand that whether we like it or not, the business of government at every level is becoming more and more the business of computers. It is not that computers are on their way to staging a *coup d'état*—they definitely are not—but rather that big government has found in them a means of growing bigger more quickly and inexpensively than ever before. The growth is not in personnel or payroll, or even in power as yet, but in the fundamental prerequisite of all control and real power: the ability to gather and use information.



The Machinery of State

What makes this possible is the ability of computers to look up, store, and analyze copious facts, to present them in fresh combinations that can illuminate fresh contexts, and to manipulate numbers and simple logical propositions with superhuman speed and accuracy. Two processes are involved: sorting data and solving equations. Whenever the two can be put together and the data understood well enough to be handled logically and mathematically, the machines can be used to predict the results of actions and to help human beings make decisions.

During the eight years of the Eisenhower administration, the amount of information processing done by the government increased several hundredfold. Within a few years it will have increased so much that the entire population of the country working full time would not be able to handle manually the paper work involved in its own government. But on magnetic tapes a great many of the unused facts that pile up in a bureaucracy are suddenly becoming usable and accessible.

Much of the information involved has to do with property, with tanks and thumbtacks, rockets and light sockets. But information about people is also increasing in availability. By consulting the data-processing machines of the various state and Federal agencies, it has become theoretically possible to assemble an amazingly quick and complete file on any citizen, including, for instance, his age, birthplace, Social Security number, employer, dependents, investments, dividends, liabilities, insurance coverage, license number, veteran's status, security clearance rating—even such intimate items as hobbies, organizational affiliations, physical blemishes, medical history, or ability to speak French. As Representative James C. Oliver (R., Maine) is reported to have put it, after hearings last year on computers by the House Subcommittee on Census and Government Statistics: "It's my impression that these machines may know too damn much."

THE POTENTIAL of the machines for big-brother prying is certainly great. But in the long run, defending the rights of real individuals should be less difficult than defining the rights of that imaginary individual, the collective or average man, who has hitherto been studied chiefly by polltakers and insurance-company actuaries. Through computers, it appears possible to know all about John Doe and, by knowing him, to regulate him and his society in a

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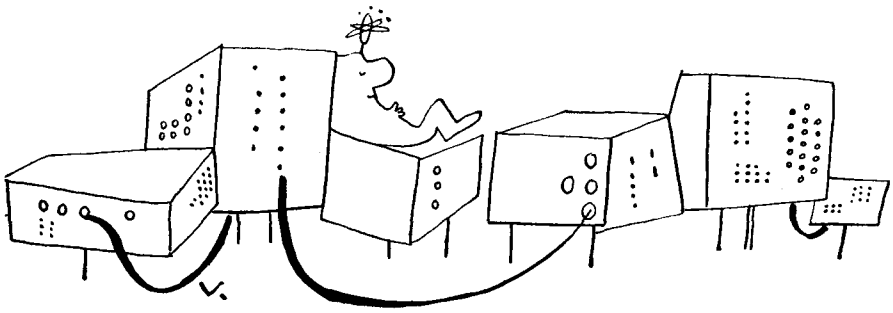
great many exact statistical ways. According to a Congressional report on government data processing, "the prospects for future development may make the recent past seem like mere prolog. Not only the Federal Government but the entire national economy is involved."

Whether the computers' latent ability to run a nation with a tight, efficient hand is ever used in the United States depends on political decisions still to be made. But whether or not it is used here, it will certainly be used in the Soviet Union. Much of the most basic theoretical work on the application of computers to efficient national management has been done by Soviet mathematicians; and although the United States is ahead in computer technology, the Soviet state planning agency, Gosplan, is spending freely for computer hardware in Western Europe and making every effort to bring Soviet practice up to Soviet theory.

The reason Russia does have to catch up in the technology is that modern computing, for all its overtones of state planning, is a highly American product. Since the first of the old punch-card machines, which was invented in 1890 for the Bureau of the Census, machine techniques have generally been originated for



government agencies and adapted later for use in business. Techniques of the Social Security Administration have become insurance-company techniques. The theory of automatic gun sights and fire control has evolved into the theory of automatic oil refineries, and so on.

Professors and Garbage Trucks

But the true flowering of machines in government, and of computing in general, came after the Second World War, with the advent of fast, accurate electronic computers to replace slow, inaccurate punch-card machines.

When the first electronic system was installed at the Census Bureau in 1951, it would have been difficult to foresee what lay ahead. The number of Federal employees running electronic computers was to grow to four thousand by 1958 and to nine thousand by 1961. If present projections are accurate, it will grow to thirteen thousand by 1963 and some thirty thousand by 1966. In the last official count, made a year ago, the Federal government had 524 electronic computers doing nonclassified work and another hundred or two, mostly of the big sophisticated sort, under wraps. State governments used 101, counties seventeen, and cities thirteen.

At state, county, and municipal levels, data-processing machines are beginning to do efficiently many of the dull, time-consuming clerical jobs that used to be done expensively, carelessly, churlishly, or not at all. In Ohio, they study possible rights of way, tot up the estimated property values involved in purchasing them, and pick out those which best combine cheapness with directness and construction ease. Then they work out most of the engineering problems for the new highways to be built over them. In California, by keeping track of the physical characteristics and operating methods of criminals, they have frequently enabled police to know a hoodlum by his job almost as soon as it is done. In New Orleans, they print due notices for parking tickets and keep dunning until the culprits pay. At many state universities they process admissions, grade examinations, keep watch on scholastic standings, schedule classes, and assign students to sections, so that conflicts and problems of overcrowded classrooms and overburdened professors can be held to a minimum. Almost everywhere and at every level of government they make up payrolls and keep the personnel records. In New York, plans are well under way to machine-audit state income-tax returns.

The most fully automated county government is Los Angeles, where computers do all the accounting, will soon do all the vote tallying, and have been used to determine the most economical routes for 258 garbage trucks. Researchers in California are even trying to develop diagnostic machines that will compute illness from symptoms reported by a patient or measured by the machine itself. In early experiments the machines have made few wrong diagnoses and have shown an honest tendency in a lot of cases to say "I don't know."

Surprising as the chores are that machines do for state and local government, they are errands for boys compared to the work of the Federal computers. Computers write the government's checks, issue its bills, credit its sums received to individual accounts, break down the national census, manage the purchasing, stockpiling, and flow of goods for the armed services, help look up fingerprints for the FBI and patents for the Patent Office, register the transactions of participants in the Social Security, veterans' benefit, and income-tax programs.

A great deal of this bookkeeping is simply a matter of knowing where things are. For instance, the Air Force has a hundred thousand airplane engines representing an investment of some $6 billion. When they are not on the move, they are in overhaul, using up tools and lubricants and spare parts. Determining where the engines need what is the job of an electronic engine-management system whose main computer is in Oklahoma City. By means of some seven thousand reports a day from nine hundred Air Force installations around the world, the computer keeps tabs on existing engines and parts, and issues orders for the procurement and shipment of new ones. It does this with so little red tape that in most instances the

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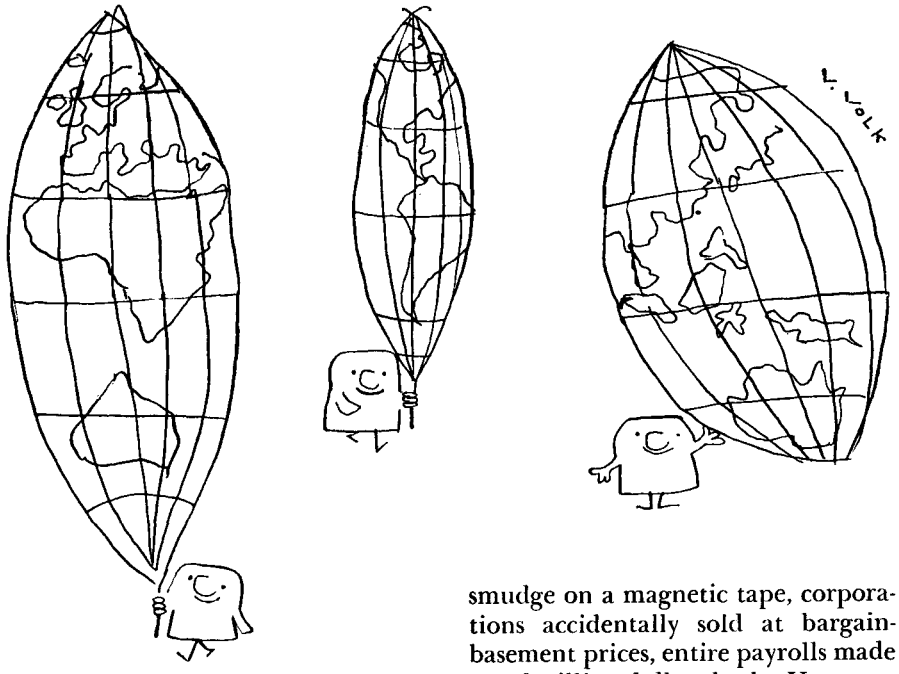
only requisition needed is a punch card. As a result the number of engines needed in storage or repair to backstop every four engines in the air has decreased from five to one.

Knowing where engines are is a round-the-clock operation, but there are many items in the inventories of a technological society whose whereabouts need to be known only when they are not working correctly. For instance, assume that Atlantis Flight 107, en route from New York to Paris, is forced to ditch in mid-ocean. The pilot reports that his passengers are disembarking onto life rafts. Navy, Coast Guard, and Air Force turn to their computers. In the machine memories are the latest reports on speeds, locations, and destinations. From these they start plotting the position of every ship and plane in the ocean. This would once have taken hours, but now within seconds the Coast Guard's RAMAC machine in New York City Customs House comes up with a Panamanian tramp that should be within a few miles of the life rafts. The tramp steamer is radioed and soon her crew is hauling the last of the survivors from the water.

The Coast Guard computer's lifesaving bookkeeping illustrates an important trait of machines. A machine will continue to do its job, to keep track, say, of all ships and planes in the North Atlantic, even when it has no incentive except a program of instructions and an electric current. Under the same circumstances, and in the absence of any crisis, a human being will probably fail at his job out of sheer boredom.

Punch with Care

The road to good government bookkeeping and to optimum management of government property is being traveled fast, but it is longer and more full of pitfalls than most government planners care to admit. Air Force engine management, for instance, is still not nearly as good as it could be. The central computer in Oklahoma City is fast and accurate, but the flow of information to it is slow and faulty. Clerks at bases sometimes punch carelessly when they order what they want on punch cards. The cards are sometimes mutilated or go astray in shipment to Oklahoma. Even when they arrive safely, they must still be sorted and their information put on magnetic tape for use by the computer. Eventually these steps will be eliminated, and each clerk at each base will have a simple keyboard through which he can send in daily or weekly orders of new parts over communication lines that put him in direct touch with the computer.



In other areas of armed-forces procurement, the awkward transition from a clerk system to a machine system has not always been thought out ahead of time. At the Newport, Rhode Island, destroyer base, the procedures for feeding information to a computer are so confused and the computer itself is so ill chosen for its job that destroyer men report waits of up to eight days from the time they make port until they can get requisitions filled—even requisitions for fresh food. A similar blunder at Norfolk, Virginia, led the Navy to abandon a million-dollar investment in data-processing machines and scrap the operation entirely.

Keeping or losing track of people and things by electronic bookkeeping has all sorts of legal implications. The quick mechanical flow of events can make it difficult to assign responsibility for a mistake. It is easy, for instance, to imagine horrors taking place in a well-automated financial community: a millionaire ruined by a single credit-impugning smudge on a magnetic tape, corporations accidentally sold at bargain-basement prices, entire payrolls made up of million-dollar checks. Unscrambling such messes by present legal means might take decades.

There is also the possibility of devious financial fraud perpetrated by computer. At least one Wall Streeter has already tried it. He adopted the simple expedient of manufacturing punch-card credits to his own account and punch-card debits to a company interest account—all to the tune of $170,000. Less crude approaches are sure to be devised; and though designers of financial systems may make fraud increasingly difficult, the net result may simply be fewer crimes but bigger ones.

Hear All Evil, See All Evil

The literal-minded machines have a way of showing up the gap in society between written laws and regulations and their observance. For instance, the data that led to last spring's revelations about expense-account living and about outright tax evasion were turned up for the Treasury Department by Internal Revenue computers. Fittingly enough, the added appropriations the revelations were intended to justify were for more machines.

The Bureau of Internal Revenue is engaged in installing a vast new machine system for processing and auditing returns and catching chiselers. The new system was not supposed to become fully operative until 1969, but the department's computer men

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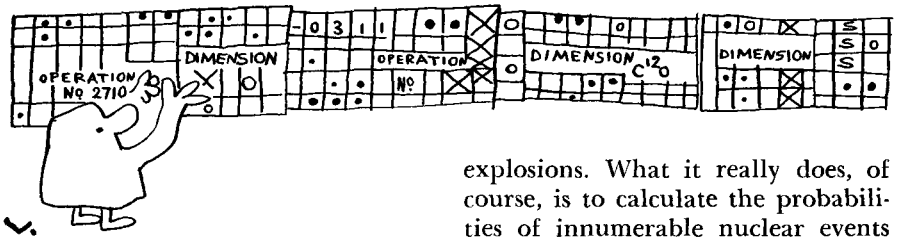
say they are far ahead of schedule and could finish up by 1965 if they continue to receive enough funds.

According to the law, Internal Revenue has broad rights of access to personal information when it wants to check on income-tax returns. The new system can take advantage of these rights routinely. Magnetic tapes from the machines of large corporations declaring dividends or paying numerous employees are borrowed and copied by the District Director's office. Then the names of stockholders and employees are automatically matched with names on returns from people in the district and the amounts of income declared are all verified.

By next year, one of nine satellite computers at district offices will be in operation and its complete tapes will be transshipped to a master computer in Martinsburg, West Virginia, and compared with the returns of people in the entire country. With the help of the computers, not just a sample of returns but eventually all returns will be audited. When the system is completed, some hundred million returns will be compared with 450 million documents pertaining to personal finances. As automated finance continues to expand, there is no reason why Internal Revenue should not scrutinize charge and credit-card accounts, the records of charities, hospitals, and



hotels, and ultimately even the deposits and withdrawals in an urbanite's machine-handled checking account.

If the present laws remain unchanged and the present level of computer technology is fully utilized, it is difficult to imagine any kind of paper noncash transaction that will not before very long be scrutinized routinely by government computers and called to the attention of inspectors whenever anything is irregular. A great deal of petty thieving that has seeped into reputable American business during the decades of increased taxes may be automated out of existence.

The Utopian possibilities have evoked a good deal of silence from industrial and government computer men. They are encouraged in their silence by what one of them calls "the official eggs-in-the-mouth and eggs-underfoot public-relations policy of computer manufacturers" and by what another terms "the quick hysteria and deep ignorance about all things automatic" that is exhibited by "liberally educated journalists, politicians, and labor leaders." Whoever is at fault, the subject certainly needs airing. Computer men are quick to agree, off the record, that the main obstacle for improved computerized law enforcement is political rather than technological or financial.

STRETCH of the Imagination

The Federal uses for computers discussed so far have mainly involved the machines' ability to store and shuffle the information on papers. Add to this their prodigious capacity for doing arithmetic and solving problems, and one can see a whole new range of applications.

Consider STRETCH, an extremely large and expensive IBM machine at Los Alamos that conducts mock weapons tests for the Atomic Energy Commission and simulates H-bomb explosions. What it really does, of course, is to calculate the probabilities of innumerable nuclear events that take place in micro-time and micro-space and follow them down a laborious chain of cause and effect to radiation and blast results that take place in macro-time and macro-space. This is a stupendous performance, involving up to 250 billion computations for each explosion. But throughout the latter part of the test suspension it has enabled the United States to carry out nuclear tests without actually detonating any bombs and to develop new weapons like the compact one-megaton warhead for Minuteman or the one-man nuclear rocket Davy Crockett without actually firing them. Unless the Russians have been testing in secret, STRETCH has enabled the United States to maintain its position in the development of nuclear armaments without cheating during the voluntary suspension of nuclear testing.

This sort of simulation—of bombs, of next month's weather, of the economic effects of a projected bond issue—is one of the newest and potentially greatest uses of computers in government. How great is difficult to tell. To be of value, simulations must apply to complicated real events, events in which individual actions are imponderable but in which collective results may be predicted as probabilities. Most real events, of course, are not well enough understood, at this point anyway, to be reduced to mathematics. And it may be that many can never be predicted because their possible outcomes are all equally improbable until real, unpredictable people make choices to tip the scales. Even so, simulations of some fairly complicated events are already being made and used to help in the formulation of national policy.

All the armed services, as well as the RAND Corporation, employ computers in war games to simulate specific battle situations and to try out tactics and strategies. Pentagon brass have sometimes even used the results of such studies and the great prestige of the machines without proper explanation, to publicize and gain support for their own views and interests in Washington. In 1960, after the Air Force simulation of nuclear wars already described, there is said to have been a veritable battle of computers, with Air Force and Navy men tossing studies at each other in a rapid exchange of attack and counterattack.

There are certain obvious dangers in the use of these machines. It is, of course, always possible to ask them loaded questions or to misrepresent their answers to honest questions or to ask them no questions at all and make up answers out of whole cloth. Some executives and officials simply like to have computers around as status symbols or magic talismans. As a result, many of the calculating machines in industry are often out of work, and

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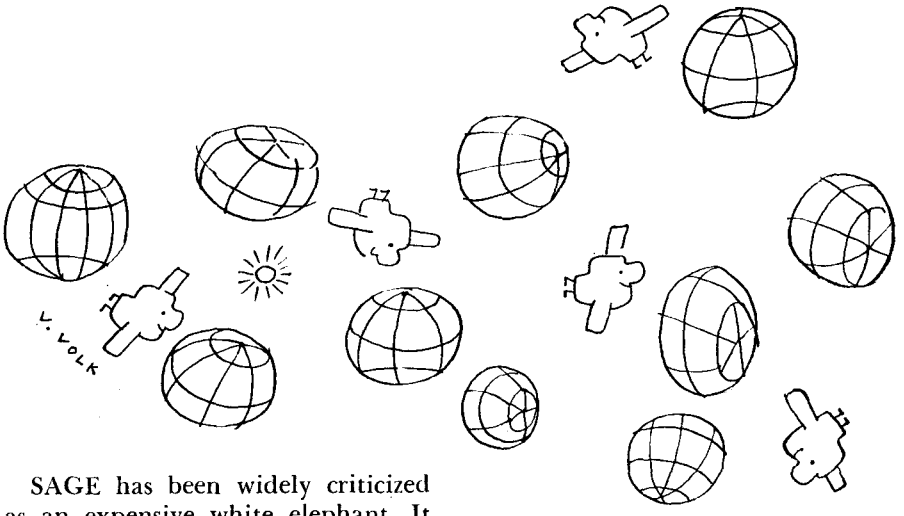
one company, Computer Usage, even does a profitable business in buying their idle hours to sublet to firms without full-time machines of their own. After politics, computer men say, vanity is the greatest obstacle in the way of getting the most out of machines.

The Wisdom of SAGE

If computers that simulate and predict the future seem impressive, they become far more so when their performance is geared into the present and used for split-second decisions in a fast-breaking situation. Monitoring and anticipating events as they happen is known in computer jargon as a "real-time operation." A real-time use of a computer is to follow the flight of a rocket from its pad, compare what is happening to a flight plan simulated beforehand, and then warn the range safety officer to blow it up immediately if it begins to deviate.

This sort of computer, operating in real time and warning of tendencies that need to be corrected, is the nerve center of automatic factories and oil refineries. But when it is connected to automatic control devices so that it runs a whole system without human intervention, it takes on yet another characteristic of sophisticated machines: it becomes not only "real-time" but also "on-line." Because of what it does, an on-line computer can be conveniently thought of as one that has expanded out of the normal roomful of circuit-crammed black boxes and has sprawled out across a building, a city, a nation, or a continent. In sprawling, it has acquired communication lines to act as its nerves and, at the end of communications lines, satellite black boxes to act as its senses. The communication links may be telephone or telegraph lines or sound waves, heat, light, radio, or microwaves. The senses may be simple keyboards where clerks record deposits and withdrawals or elaborate electronic eyes in orbiting earth satellites

The most formidable on-line system now operating is SAGE, the radar network that automatically gives early warning against bomber attack. Through its many radar antennae it senses all aircraft entering U.S. airspace. The sightings are automatically relayed over its telephone and microwave links to its central computers, which then decide whether the encroaching planes are accounted for by flight plans on file or whether they constitute a possible attack. If they do, it warns its human attendants, or can, under certain conditions, release Bomarc interceptor rockets automatically.



SAGE has been widely criticized as an expensive white elephant. It gives no warning against ballistic missiles although it was being created at a time when ballistic missiles were already coming into use. It has caused many false alarms—and one scramble complete with H-bombs—because it cannot always tell a flight of bombers from a flock of birds or a cloud full of lightning. Yet for all its failings it has provided invaluable experience for the building of other sophisticated military computer systems.

At present count, the Air Force has at least a dozen big security-shrouded systems in development and the Army and Navy almost as many. Some of the best publicized—by leaks—are the Air Force L-systems, of which SAGE or 416L is the first. Others include the NORAD Joint Service Command and Control System, which will also guard against bomber attacks; the Strategic Air Command's intelligence system; SAC's command and control center in Omaha; and B-MEWS, the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System.

Science Fiction and Free Will

Most of the L-systems are not truly operational and some are not scheduled to be until early in the 1970's. But some are already at work. One necessarily fictionalized example will illustrate the state of the military-systems art that has been or will soon be reached.

It is a dark 3 A.M. in Karachi. An agent listening in on Russian code transmissions frowns, writes rapidly in a notebook, and with the help of a code book transcribes what he has written in the form of a long number strewn with punctuation marks. Then he turns on his transmitter and begins to chant, "Omega, calling Omega."

Nine thousand miles away in the light of a late afternoon somewhere in the United States, another man hears and answers.

"I think I need a new flight pattern," says the man in Karachi, and he proceeds to dictate the long number from his notebook.

"O.K., got it," says Omega. "I'll let you know if it fits."

The second man types out the long number at the console of a computer. The machine responds at once by decoding the number back into the form heard by the agent in Karachi. Then, following a pattern of instructions from a tape in one of its storage sections, it gets to work, and after a few minutes it confirms the agent's suspicion that the Russian code is a new one. After a few hours—or sometimes months—with occasional helpful interruptions from its operators, and after it has tested several million possibilities and done several centuries of clerical work, it breaks the code and types out the intercepted Russian radio message on its teleprinter.

Translated into English, the mes-

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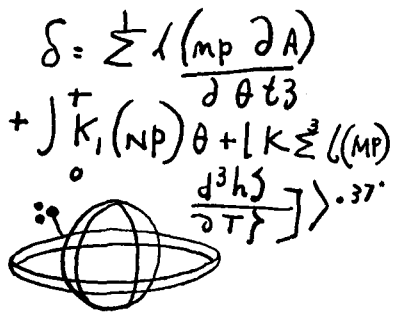

sage tells of troop and aerial movements involved in a Russian training exercise north of the Pakistan border. Though fairly routine, this information is relayed at once to a U.S. command center. Again keyboards are punched and again computers respond. With help from their human operators, they look up enemy objectives and calculate what U.S. counterforces could best be spared elsewhere and could most cheaply be flown in to support the Pakistanis if necessary. Then one of the computers issues a list of standby orders that ought to be ready in case of trouble and of logistic preparations that ought to be made. Its recommendations amount to an up-to-date battle plan. No one expects this to be used, but in order to have a plan ready, just in case, it is phoned and wired to the U.S. bases that would be involved.

THE COMPUTER SYSTEMS already operational are impressive enough, but they do not compare with the sophisticated systems that are under study and on order for delivery in the early 1970's. In some of them the on-line concept is carried so far that if a reconnaissance satellite should send in a report of Russian rocket launchings, it would automatically generate a retaliatory battle plan from one computer that would automatically be put into action by other computers, aiming and firing Atlases, Titans, and Polarises on and under land and sea. The only interruption in the sequence, except for the system's own safety checks and repeats, would be a token one of a few minutes for the President of the United States to exercise freedom of will and say "fire."

What to do about this choiceless choice, how to extend the time for decision and make the machines as accurate as possible, is the subject of serious concern and study by several groups of computer men who address themselves exclusively to command and control problems. Actually, the ultimate on-line system coveted by advanced military planners may be ten years, twenty years, or a pipe dream away. Some computer men doubt that it would be trustworthy even if it could be designed and built. The most reliable components, they point out, sometimes fail. Other computer men insist that such machines can be made as reliable as necessary. Insurance against component failure can be bought at the expense of "redundancy"—by having two tubes or transistors for every job. In the same way, insurance against mistake-producing static or "noise" in communication lines can also be bought by redundancy—by making every message sent in the system wordy and repetitive so that its meaning cannot—repeat, cannot—be misunderstood.

Parlez-Vous COBOL?

What is probably more important than the prerogatives of the President in some hypothetical emergency is the mere fact that computers can and do make decisions in a number of less dramatic but extremely important situations. In a recent speech D. B. Paquin, president of the National Machine Accountants Association, made the statement that eighty to ninety per cent of the executive decisions in U.S. industry would soon be made by machines. It is tempting to think that such decisions would not be the ones that really count, not "creative" ones, but studies by such eminent computer theorists as John Von Neumann and A. M. Turing indicate that there is probably nothing in any human decision, no matter how creative, that cannot be reduced eventually to the sort of logic, probability calculations, and random choices machines can handle.

In the long run the civilian machines will do far more to change man's society and way of life than secret L-systems that simply watch at the ramparts. In developing them, engineers have first to develop civilian "senses" comparable to the radar antennae of a SAGE. Devices for reading typewritten symbols are already on the market. Devices for deciphering handwriting and spoken words are being developed by several laboratories, notably Bell Telephone. They work astonishingly well, but by scientific standards they are still relatively crude and inaccurate.

Language is also a barrier between the machines themselves. Each make has its own programming language for giving the machines instruction or information. After a tremendous effort by government officials who wanted the machines of their various agencies to be compatible, the computing industry finally developed a common machine language called COBOL on which most manufacturers would agree. But a lot of adaptation still needs to be done before machines of one make can use the magnetic tapes of other makes, much less communicate with each other directly on an on-line basis. A better approach may grow out of basic research by a team of computer engineers under Professor Anthony Oettinger at Harvard. This group has developed a technique of mathematical analysis that will enable machines to translate any human or machine language into any other. At the moment the technique has no economic importance because only a large, sophisticated computer can handle it. But in a vast civilian on-line system, communicating directly with all sorts of computers in private industry and in various branches of government, a single large computer to do all the translating might become financially feasible.

THE QUESTION at once arises as to what such a monstrous system would be doing. And the only logical answer is: monitoring and analyzing the trends of the national economy and keeping endless, boring watch over the national welfare. It is not at all inconceivable that some day every inventory computer in industry, every government agency computer, every bank and corporation computer, and indirectly every flow meter, every electric cash register, adding machine, and typewriter could be put on-line with a huge analyzer in Washington. The analyzer would automatically receive news of every transaction in the

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the country and of every product produced, of every horsepower generated and every watt burned, of every acre planted, carload shipped, hopper emptied, bucket mined, barrel pumped, bushel picked, or dollar spent. It could then be used to give warning of every unhealthy economic turn. There are conservative mathematicians at conservative institutions like IBM who believe that such a fantastic computer can and will be built.

Before then, there will be many lesser developments of the same revolutionary social stripe. Some of them were described recently in a speech at U.C.L.A. by Dr. Simon Ramo, executive vice-president of the Ramo-Wooldridge Company.

"Two or three decades from now," he said, "every practicing attorney might have in his office a means for convenient electronic connection to a huge national central repository of all the laws, rulings, regulations, procedures, and commentaries upon them that he needs. He or his assistant will be able to query the central repository by operating an electronic input device looking a little like a typewriter. Almost immediately, there will be displayed to him on a special viewing screen any information that is available on his question, and this display will cover not just the few possibilities that an unaided, though trained, human brain might have produced in a few days of research in a law library. Instead, the intellectronics system will scan, select, and present in a few seconds the equivalent results of dozens of trained searchers covering many decades of records over the entire nation. . . .

"The physician . . . will also routinely introduce his data on a patient into a network of 'consultative wisdom' . . . The system will quickly react to give the doctor key portions of the equivalent of many consultations with other physicians. . . . It will give statistical probabilities . . . of relative effectiveness of various treatments . . .

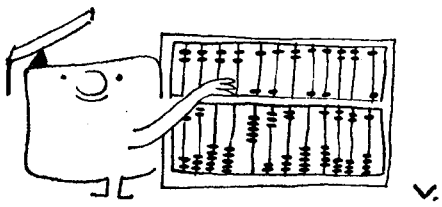
"Some day currency and coins will be for the rural areas. Even checks and most other forms of today's original records may become extinct. If you buy a necktie or a house, your thumb before an electronic scanner will identify you and the network will debit your account and credit the seller. . . ."

If there is any validity to the predictions of Dr. Ramo or the less outspoken but equally revolutionary predictions that almost any computer man will make in private, great social changes lie in store for which almost no one is preparing, at least not in public.

Quis Custodiet Ipsos Custodes?

One problem already inhibiting a more effective use of the machines is the severe shortage of properly trained computer men: of systems engineers to build the right machines and of programmers to feed them safe, well-conceived sets of instructions. Sloppy systems engineering has already resulted in several computer misfits like the one the Navy had to clear out and throw away at Norfolk, Virginia. It has also resulted in some mistakes that would be sad if they were not funny —for instance, the computer that overestimated the city of Seattle's tax revenue by $1.8 million and started city officials on a glorious spending spree before the mistake was detected. Equally careless programming or design of the military L-systems might not be funny at all. But mistakes just as bad will inevitably be made unless the present silence is broken and more well-trained students are encouraged to seek careers in computing.

In spite of the hazards, computers offer the first practical means for making the social sciences truly scientific and useful. Princeton's celebrated economist Oskar Morgenstern says: "The computer is to economics what the telescope was to astronomy. But we do not know yet how to make anything like full use of it." Eventually simulation, perhaps of the entire national economy, may become the major task of computers in government. The possibility at least is there, and one might assume that social scientists, and especially economists, would have



shown an active interest in computers and publicized their possibilities. But the few who have seem content to play with mathematical curves and graphs representing generalities and broad, ill-understood trends. A well-known atomic physicist who has used computers to handle scientific problems more precisely says:

"The economists should not be worrying about matching derived curves with factual graphs. The important job is to get data. Here are all these machines in Washington filling themselves up with data all the time, but no one asks—no one of these economists asks—if it is the correct data. Ten years from now they will find that the wrong questions have been asked on all those forms we fill out and the wrong answers copied on to all the magnetic tapes. Someone should be worrying whether ABC agency and XYZ agency are collecting information that is compatible and scientific. If they are not, we lose ten years, because I would say about almost any complicated social problem, that you need at least ten years of good information before you can begin to make an analysis."

If the social scientists are not yet with it, at least one would assume that the computer companies themselves must be. IBM, American Telephone and Telegraph, General Electric, RCA, Honeywell—some of America's greatest and most progressive corporations are involved. Surely some of them are trying to overcome the educational barriers and face up to the future. But instead, they find themselves in an anomalous position: they are both merchants of the tools of information and control and at the same time businessmen dedicated by tradition to secrecy, hunch, and laissez-faire, to whom government planning is anathema. As a result, none of them are doing much about educating the public and none of them—as corporations rather than collections of smart private individuals—have done all they should to educate themselves. Even IBM, the one company that has made a major educational effort, has never been able to go beyond a timid fumbling with the issues involved. In the sumptuous old Guggenheim mansion at Sands Point, Long Island, where IBM con-

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ducts a regular school for its promising young executives, engineers are taught classical economics and economists are given a smattering of computer knowledge years behind work in IBM's own laboratories.

THE SOVIET UNION, not surprisingly, has no such inhibitions about the social and political implications of computers. The stern Soviet way is conveyed by the following quotation from Academician A. I. Berg, of the Soviet Union's state planning agency:

"Under Socialism economic development is determined and guided by the state plan which embodies the policy of the Communist Party in the sphere of economic development. Therefore, the chief area for application [of computer technology] . . . is that of national economic planning. The preparation of the plan must be based on timely information which is adequate in total volume and in detail, information which is precise. The preparation of such information is the chief task of accounting and statistics, which together with planning are the most important areas of application."

A breezy American version of the computer dream is to run the country by a sort of automated New England town meeting. It is explained by Dr. Ramo at the end of the speech already referred to:

"Let us imagine a somewhat extreme situation, doubtlessly beyond either practicality or desirability, in which it is the custom for the registered voters several times a day to identify themselves to the home voting machines—with their scanned thumbprints—and to put in a 'yes' or a 'no' . . . The highly technological society of the future can be one in which communications are so widespread and efficient that frequent voting is easy, participating is virtually guaranteed, interest is heightened, and apathy and ignorance are virtually eliminated."

The real point in all this is not that thinking machines are going to become the masters of men, but rather that men must think out quite carefully—and quite soon—what they want the machines to do and how the machines are to be fitted into the social fabric without painful rents and tears.

AT HOME & ABROAD

The Invisible Front Lines Of South Vietnam

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

THIS CAPITAL CITY of South Vietnam and the first twenty miles or so of road leading south through the rice fields of the Mekong Delta reflect an improving economic situation brought about by the American aid program. Results have not been dramatic, but they have been impressive in a quiet way.

The general air of well-being does not extend very far from Saigon, however. For most of the ten million Vietnamese who live south of Saigon, the improvement in living standards has been almost imperceptible.

Security and well-being are in direct proportion. Immediately beyond the city limits of Saigon, military jeeps travel only with armed escort. South of the Mekong and west along the Cambodian border, one moves through dreary and obviously poor hamlets and only partly tilled lands, escorted by armored cars front and rear and infantry in armored troop carriers. Busses and other civilian traffic are subject to unscheduled halts by rebel Viet Cong forces. Passengers on the "wanted" list are liable to find themselves abducted and shot; others may have to pay a tax levy.

Some of Vietnam's current difficulties may certainly be attributed to the shortcomings of the administration of President Ngo Dinh Diem. But isolated from Communist influence, South Vietnam under Diem and with American aid would certainly have prospered: it was beginning to prosper when terror hit the countryside and halted rice deliveries to Saigon. Even if Diem had been more liberal and democratic and his associates had all been beyond reproach, it is doubtful whether the Communists would have been prevented from gaining ground in the rural areas.

IT IS NOT TRUE, either, that some of Diem's most bitterly criticized rural policies have been brutally and unnecessarily repressive. The resettlement of isolated peasants in twenty-one new towns, or agrovilles, was ineptly handled, causing resentments that the Viet Cong exploited, but only a small fraction of the rural population was involved. Nor does an examination of the even more bitterly criticized Law 10/1959, establishing special military tribunals to deal summarily with Communist acts of insurgency and treason, reveal the excesses of which it has been so often accused.

Diem was not alone in interpreting the Communist threat in conventional military terms. This was SEATO's

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interpretation and Washington's also. But in a generally gloomy situation there is now some reason for optimism. Many American Military Assistance Advisory Group officers in the field with the Vietnamese Army are familiar with the Viet Cong's tactics. "Most of us are sure that this problem is only fifteen per cent military and eighty-five per cent social and economic," Lieutenant Colonel Arthur P. Gregory, a MAAG officer assigned to the southern delta, told me. "It's not just a matter of killing Viet Cong but of coupling security with welfare."

The army has abandoned the task of guarding the frontiers against improbable conventional invasion and has turned seriously, and often effectively, to the task of fighting the insurgents. The appointment of a senior general, hitherto occupied with strategic planning, as field commander, and the division of the country into three territorial regions are moves designed both to improve efficiency and to prevent President Diem from continuing to intervene directly in the conduct of military operations. Sixty companies of rangers, trained by MAAG officers in guerrilla tactics, have added flexibility to the army. The badly paid and wretchedly equipped fifty-eight-thousand-man Civil Guard, which bore the brunt of the fighting last year and early this year, is also being expanded, retrained, and re-equipped with assistance from the United States.

Finally, a major effort is being made to improve security communications. Most isolated hamlets and villages have had to rely on runners to send word of a Viet Cong attack to the nearest Civil Guard or army post. In future, village defense units will be able to radio for help.

'A Warless Area?'

In principle, therefore, the right military steps have been taken. When the monsoon rains end in October and the new campaigning season begins, the Viet Cong will find itself opposed by a much more impressive-looking deterrent force.

Yet there are many causes for disquiet. Saigon rumbles with discontent. An abortive paratroop coup last November lowered the flash point, and Diem's failure to respond to advice since the coup has brought about some profound changes in what passes in Saigon for public opinion. The government has not become more broadly based, is not more liberal, and remains, in effect, in the hands of an extremely limited group centering on Diem, his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu, and the secretary of the presidency, Nguyen Dinh Thuan. Diem still commands personal respect and even admiration, but many Vietnamese have lost confidence in his leadership.

The army is still dissatisfied with slow promotions (some lieutenants and captains have had no promotion since 1954), and having saved Diem once, the senior officers now realize that they are the base on which his authority rests. Since comparatively few of the top twenty can be regarded as staunch Diem supporters, the possibility of another attempted *coup d'état* cannot be dismissed.

Another possibility now being openly advocated in Saigon by independent politicians, intellectuals, and students, seems even more likely to play into the hands of the Communists. The Movement for National Unification has no links with North Vietnam, but its manifesto, which was distributed in Vietnamese, French, and English at a recent crowded public meeting in a Saigon hall, could scarcely fail to meet with full Communist approval. It was Utopian and dangerous to rely on one group of imperialists to oust another, the manifesto said. In a world of cold war, the choice of a friend implied that of a foe. The proper solution, therefore, was to throw out all foreign advisers and to unite with neighbors to form a "warless" area in Southeast Asia.

Against this background of uncertainty, and a hope that neutrality may produce something better than alignment with the West has, the Viet Cong has made rapid progress.

From a network of village and hamlet cells, the Viet Cong has created a series of political bases extending even into the tribal regions of the central plateau, which Saigon once regarded as secure. The army controls a region while it is there in force; when it moves, the Viet Cong takes over again. Scores and even hundreds of village headmen and others suspected of co-operating with the government have been disemboweled and decapitated, and their families with them.

Every village has its undercover Viet Cong agents who act as the eyes and ears of the regular full-time forces and the regional part-time guerrillas. The Viet Cong rarely attempts to "hold" a village in force for more than a few hours, however, and then for specific purposes, such as tax collections, summary executions, and propaganda. The propaganda cadres, which are always unarmed, are careful to avoid suggesting that a take-over by North Vietnam is implicit in their plans.

Orders from Hanoi

The chain of Viet Cong command originates in Hanoi, and the Vietminh directs, co-ordinates, and supplies the Viet Cong's operation. Hanoi itself makes no secret of the fact, and Peking is a firm and consistent ally. The Laodong Party congress in Hanoi last September called for an upsurge of revolution in the South. "Our compatriots of the South have no alternative but to stand up and fight with whatever weapons they can lay their hands on," the congress agreed. "The overthrowing of the U.S.-Diem clique and the liberation of the South constitute a task consistent with history's law of development and with the Geneva Agreement." Again on April 12 of this year, in the National Assembly in Hanoi, Nguyen Van Vinh, director of the Central Reunification Committee, said: "This multiform struggle [in South Vietnam] is entirely consistent with the line laid down by the national congress of the Laodong Party and with the manifesto of the Moscow Conference of eighty-one parties." Consistent also, he might have added, with the policy enunciated by Chou En-lai, who as recently as June 12 reaffirmed full Chinese support for "the Vietnamese people's struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression" and Diem's "terrorist" rule.

Hanoi announced the formation of a National Liberation Front in January. This was followed by the creation of a Liberation Press Agency and also an Association of Students for the Liberation of South Vietnam. A month or so later, the

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National Liberation Front and the National Liberation Army set up headquarters in eastern Cambodia close to the South Vietnam border and soon achieved effective administrative and military co-ordination in the rebel areas of South Vietnam. What these headquarters in Cambodia amount to in terms of men and materials is anybody's guess. The Cambodians indignantly deny their existence, but both the Vietnamese Army and western military attachés in Saigon are certain of their general whereabouts and certain too that they maintain constant radio communication with Hanoi, whose orders are in turn transmitted to the three regional Viet Cong commanders inside South Vietnam.

Only about half of a force of perhaps 15,000 guerrillas have firearms. Some of the rifles and almost all the mines and booby traps are homemade and, though lethal enough, are extremely primitive. They were also extremely primitive, it is useful to recall, during the Indo-China war. In 1954 one Vietminh regiment, which tied down three French mobile brigades on the Hanoi-Haiphong road in the Tongking Delta, operated entirely on captured French supplies. It did not receive a round of ammunition, a single weapon, or a pound of explosives from the Vietminh main supply. The Viet Cong, it is clear, is being raised on the same hard rations.

An Unfortunate Playback

It is also being opposed by tactics that are often tragically reminiscent of the tactics used by the French. The Civil Guard, in its concrete blockhouses and compounds protected by barbed wire and minefields, lives in isolation from the people it is supposed to protect, just as the French Expeditionary Force in the identical blockhouses used to live, and sometimes to die, in isolation years ago.

Recently I went south from Saigon to Vinh Binh Province to watch six army and Civil Guard battalions with artillery and naval support launch a major drive along the peninsula stretching toward the South China Sea. This first major action by the Vietnamese Army since just before the April elections would have been much more impressive if I had not seen a precisely similar operation with identical intentions conducted by the French Expeditionary Force in Thai Binh Province in the Tongking Delta eleven years earlier. Whether at divisional headquarters over a six-course, two-hour French lunch, agreeably served on a white damask tablecloth with adequate quantities of Algerian wine, or forward at the much simpler and more warlike regimental headquarters, I had the curious impression that I was watching an old and familiar movie.

Five armored cars and an armored troop carrier were detailed to act as escort for me and two Vietnamese correspondents on the fifty-mile drive from the Mekong River crossing to divisional headquarters at Tra Vinh. When we moved out as far as the regiments, we went in convoys containing tens of vehicles and almost a company of men. Once again it was an army that thought in terms of towns and roads—and an enemy that thought in terms of people and countryside.

The Pattern of Laos

Certainly military action is necessary against the Viet Cong. It is also inevitable that of the approximately four hundred "Viet Cong" killed each month, many should be innocent bystanders. So many camp followers and women guerrillas are mixed up with the Viet Cong that any estimate of the numbers killed in error is at best only a fairly wild guess. Some western military attachés put it at twenty-five per cent —a clue to the impact these "errors" may have on the peasants.

The psychological-warfare and political-warfare teams that follow the army with movies and lectures in the hope of winning converts face an uphill task. Too often the peasants are interrupted in their own tasks of personal rehabilitation and asked to repair roads and installations for the military, and no money is available to replace pigs and poultry or reconstruct lost homes. Though the problem is largely social and economic, it is still treated as if it were purely military and political.

As many Americans now in the field understand very well, economic aid at the center and military efficiency in the field are not in themselves enough to cope with a revolution of this type. First, there is a need for a national spirit, or at least a will to fight. "The Americans can train soldiers in three months but they won't be able to teach them to love their country in three years," one Vietnamese said. If Diem had fulfilled early hopes, the inspiration might have come from the top.

This is not to suggest that Diem no longer has a part to play. His downfall could well prove an unqualified disaster. If it is too late to hope that Diem may change, it is not too late to find the resources for rural welfare, in particular for welfare of a type that will persuade the peasants that their role is something more than victims in this war. In addition to the army and its psychological-warfare teams, there is a crying need for rural-aid teams with the means to inspire at least the hope for a better future and perhaps, in the process, to create some sort of national consciousness.

There is not much time left. The Viet Cong, in the best Maoist tradition, clearly regards the peasants as the "sea" in which they will "swim" to victory. They have begun an intensive recruiting campaign in the rural areas to fill the ranks depleted by casualties that have averaged more than a thousand a month for the past eighteen months. They hope to proclaim a "liberated" area, probably not in the Mekong Delta, where the terrain is unfavorable, but in the central plateau.

In Paris and Geneva, representatives of a hundred or more Vietnamese expatriates, including prominent political figures of the Bao Dai era, have been scurrying around the Vietminh camp in the hope of establishing a relationship between the anti-Diem neutrals and the Viet Cong. This fits precisely with Communist plans for repeating the pattern that worked so well for them in Laos. If the situation deteriorates after the monsoons, and Hanoi leaves no doubt that this is its intention, the establishment of a "liberated" area and the creation of a rival "neutralist" government in South Vietnam, appealing alike to the peasants and the frustrated intellectuals, middle class, and students of Saigon, is the obvious next step.

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Today's book clubs cater to different publics and have different working principles, from mere general merchandising to highly specialized selections, such as books on science or sports. The Mid-Century Book Society was formed two years ago to offer its members Literature in the traditional sense, new books that are most likely to endure, and the less-than-new of the same quality that may have been overlooked in the hurly-burly of publishing and advertising.

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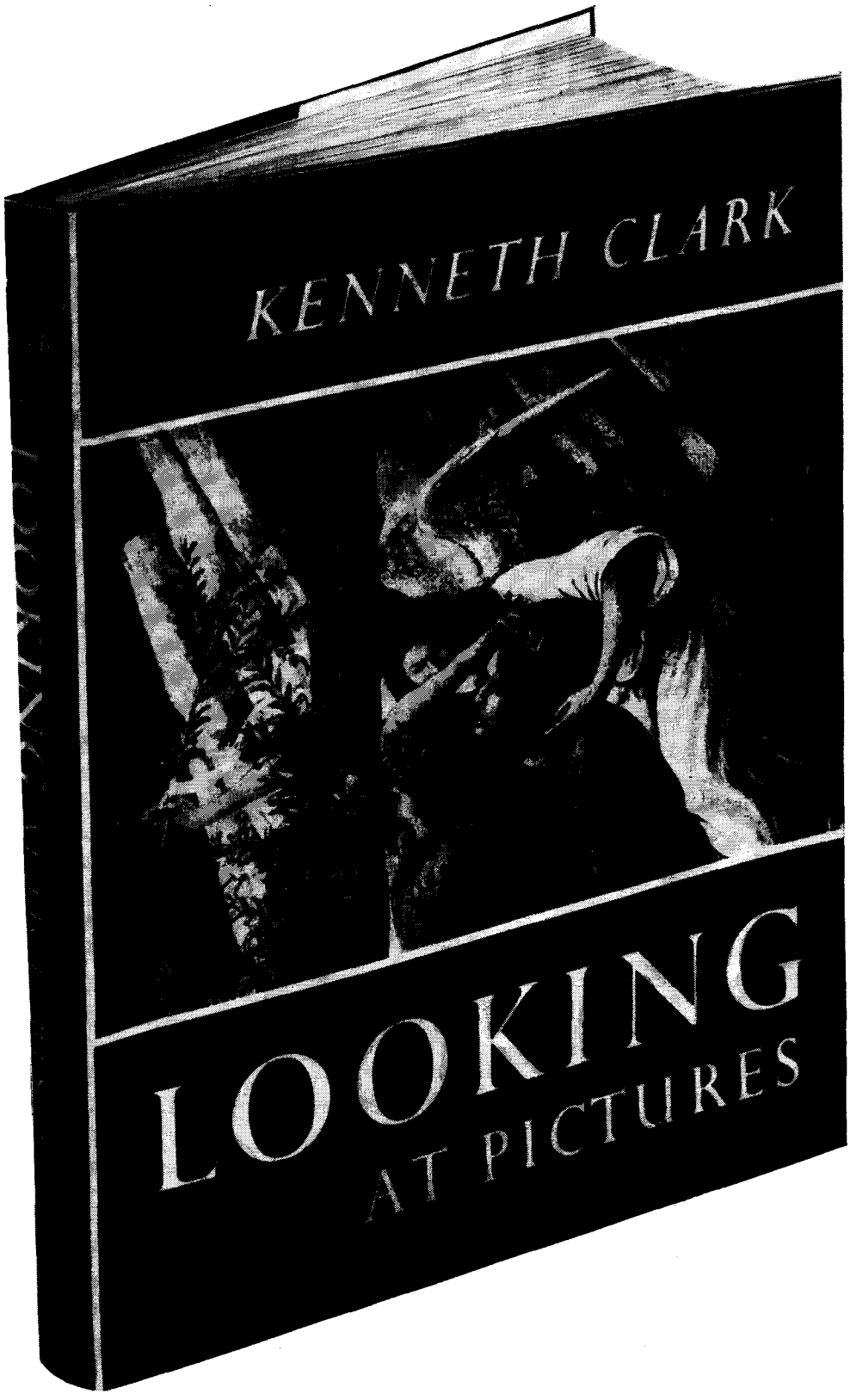

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Can Dr. Amini Save Iran?

CLAIRE STERLING

TEHERAN

IN ANSWER to a question from Walter Lippmann not long ago, Premier Khrushchev said that the next country to fall his way, after Cuba and Laos, would be Iran. He did not appear to think Soviet intervention would be necessary. The fruit in this case was so rotten ripe, he suggested, that it would simply drop off the tree into his lap.

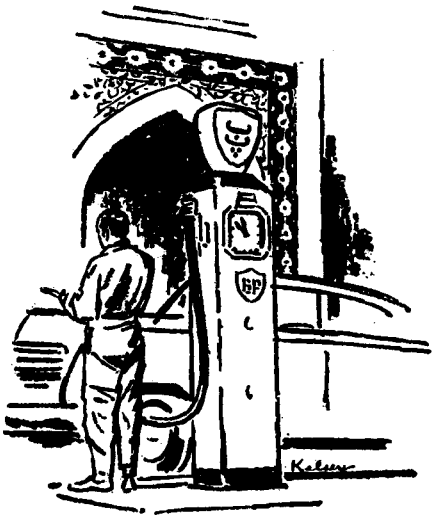
Iran has a population of twenty million and a territory almost a fifth the size of the United States. It is rich in minerals of all kinds, including several billion tons of oil reserves, and its 1,500-mile northern frontier is the only one between Russia and several other billion tons of oil around the Persian Gulf. If Khrushchev is right, therefore, he stands to acquire something incomparably more valuable than Cuba or Laos. But is he right?

He might be. There is plenty of scope for Communist agents in this land with its wretched peasantry whose way of life has scarcely changed since the days of Cyrus the Great, its baronial landlords indolent with vodka and opium, its venal and voluptuous court. Nevertheless, Iran may not be the pushover Khrushchev thinks it is—at any rate, not yet.

THE PERSIANS have already had—indeed, were the first to have—their fling at the kind of revolution that has become more or less standard nowadays in the Middle East. Led by the weeping, pajama-clad Mohammed Mossadegh, in 1951 they frightened the wits out of their landlords, nationalized the oilfields, snarled at the West, and increased the number of Communist officers in their army from 100 to 650. The revolution, though a political success, was a miserable economic failure. Mossadegh fell two years later, whereupon he was put under permanent house arrest and his National Front went to pieces. The Shah, who had fled the country a short time before, returned along with the foreign oil companies. Iran joined the Baghdad Pact and signed a military pact with the United States for good measure. Communist officers were executed, and the Communist Tudeh Party was outlawed.

Poverty, disease, feudal injustice, and corruption are still appalling in Iran, and eight out of ten Persians—including one out of three in the civil service—are still illiterate. Nevertheless, however slowly and subtly, the social structure has altered here. Alarmed by his brief exile, young Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi came home determined to modernize his country; and since he had switched protectors during his absence—from the British to the Americans—he had ample means to go about it. With American help ($650 million in seven years) and the revenues coming from the new international oil consortium (now running to $300 million a year), he launched first a Seven-Year Plan and now a Five-Year Plan. The program was incoherent, the waste shocking, and the amount of money siphoned off by crooks, both royal and common, impressive even for the Middle East. But it wasn't all a dead loss, by any means.

Since 1953, Iran has doubled the number of its schools, built five new universities, and sent seventeen thousand students yearly to study abroad. It has also built several dams, roads, and impressive (if unstaffed) hospitals; agricultural production has been rising on an average of six per cent a year, and industrial production by twenty per cent; small industries are sprouting in a dozen cities—485 factories were completed here in 1960 alone; and the annual income per capita has gone up from $100 to $180.



If this is something less than brilliant progress, not many of the pretentious revolutionary juntas in this part of the world have done much better; and however inadequate the program, it has set the country on a march toward modernization. The Thousand Families of Persia, for example, are already more legend than fact. Enticed by the quicker profits in urban investment, many of them have sold large tracts of their estates—mostly to the newly rich seeking social status—to get liquid capital. Ninety per cent of the arable land was once theirs; now forty-three per cent consists of small and medium-sized holdings. The peasants, too, have begun to leave the land and form an urban proletariat. With the cities offering work for cash wages, fifty thousand of them a year have been migrating to Teheran alone.

The New Suburbanites

Teheran's population has shot up to 2,000,000; the first skyscrapers are wedging their way among its flat brick-and-dried-mud buildings; and the mountains encircling it are dotted with Frank Lloyd Wright-style bungalows opening onto chlorine-blue swimming pools and lovely rose gardens. The capital's ancient bazaar has become a hive of plastics and electrical appliances. And from all this commercial bustle has emerged a middle class which, in its novel position between the submissive peasantry and the unregenerate landed aristocracy, is quickly changing the nation's politics.

The new middle class is still quite small, but it is active and literate, though not particularly virtuous—without the corruption prevailing here, its formation might have been delayed for years; it has a stake in efficient, forward-looking government; and though restive and full of complaints, it is much less interested in revolutionary formulas than in savings accounts, washing ma-

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chines, Chevrolets, and six-room homes in the suburbs. It is also careful to educate its sons, who make up the great majority of those studying abroad; and while these youths return with radical (though rarely Communist) opinions, they don't have a vested interest in revolution either. With the country desperately in need of competent administrators, they know perfectly well they will be running it anyway before the decade is out, revolution or no.

Ostensibly, there is a political crisis; two elections have been held in Iran since last summer, both annulled for egregious fraud. Premier Ali Amini, governing by decree, is under heavy pressure to hold another election at once or resign. But free elections are not an ingrained habit here or anywhere else in the Middle East, for that matter. It seems likely, therefore, that the Iranians would be much less exercised about elections if they weren't exasperated by the current state of economic affairs.

What troubles the Iranians is not so much their government's long-range policies as its extravagance and general ineptitude in carrying them out. With bank credits running wild, for instance, thousands of inexperienced investors, badly overextended, have been paying interest rates as high as 24 per cent; with the government on a reckless spending spree, the country has not only run through a tidy foreign-exchange surplus but even run out of foreign exchange—and indeed, out of money altogether; and with no price controls in a period of headlong expansion, the cost of living has been going up ten per cent a year—five times faster than wages. For all the portentous statements from Moscow, the ferment in this capital at the moment has a good deal to do with the price of onions.

The Relics of Mossadegh

The Iranians have neither an authentic parliament nor authentic political parties; and the only opposition in sight, the semi-clandestine relic of Mossadegh's National Front, is so weak as to be thoroughly dangerous. The National Front wasn't a coherent political force even in Mossadegh's day, when it was held together by his personality and a hatred for the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. After one disastrous experiment in oil nationalization, however, few Persians care much about trying another; and though Mossadegh is still a national hero, he is too old now to be more than a portrait on the wall. What remains of the Front, therefore, is an assortment of political grouplets—"Pan-Iranian" nationalists, religious zealots, students, intellectuals, and lately a good many middle-class businessmen. These people converge through their common discontent,

but they lack both a leader and a program.

While there is no limit to the popular hopes it reflects by implication, the Front actually has only two points in its program: immediate free elections and a more "national" foreign policy. The first boils down to a claim that whatever the premier might do, the Front can do it better; there is no telling what the second really boils down to. In conversations with western reporters, the Front's spokesmen say it means nothing more sinister than a reduction in the size of Iran's army—which is about the size of West Germany's and costs $200 million a year—and establishment of good-neighbor relations with Russia. They don't "necessarily," they say, want to renounce CENTO (the Baghdad Pact's successor, linking Iran, Turkey, Pakistan, and Britain), or Iran's military pact with the United States; and though drawn to neutralism, they told me they are neither for nor against it.

This version of the Front's program may be roomy enough to accommodate several of its disparate elements, as well as the Americans—whose financial aid it assuredly does not want to renounce. But the same version could hardly be offered privately to the underground Tudeh Party, which, though not formally part of the National Front, supplies most of its organizers and money.

If the present popular mood lasts much longer, the Front might well find power thrust upon it by people with no place else to go—and be more helplessly reliant on the Communists than ever. Probably two-thirds of its followers are non-Communist. But under their own lackluster leadership, they have found it impossible to get anywhere without them.

A Traitor to His Class

Until a few months ago, the Shah didn't appear to sense this danger. Then in May five thousand teachers struck in Teheran for higher wages, and one was killed by a policeman's bullet. The mass reaction was menacing enough to shock His Imperial Majesty into action. For the second time in a year, he fired his premier, and, for the first time in a decade, appointed a man of independent spirit and unusual political courage.

The Shah's choice, Dr. Ali Amini, has served in Mossadegh's cabinet among others, and helped negotiate the agreement with the consortium, proving himself a clever bargainer. From there he went on to be ambassador in Washington, until he was recalled for recommending that the Middle Eastern oil nations pool their revenues to finance a regional development plan (and also, it is said, for plotting against the Shah). He is rich, which might be a political liability if he were not so very rich as to be beyond corruption; and though he is called a conservative, he thinks of himself as a Franklin D. Roosevelt—a man who is trying to save his class from itself by figuring out what an enlightened revolutionary would do and doing it.

In three months, Dr. Amini has appointed three ex-Communists to his cabinet, made the teachers' strike leader his minister of education, and doubled the teachers' wages; cracked down on luxury imports, from French perfumes to Cadillacs, at an estimated saving in foreign exchange of $100 million a year; banned foreign cabaret performers, saving another $15 million; announced an ambitious land-reform

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program; canceled several of his predecessors' expensive building projects; forced some prices down, though not far, in Teheran's bazaar; procured emergency advances of $43 million from the United States and $15 million from the consortium; negotiated a $50-million loan from West Germany; and arrested thirty-five prominent Iranians for graft, including the so-called Queen of Caviar (a favorite at court) and five generals.

These measures have already calmed a lot of tempers, especially in the middle class. But the next few months are bound to be tougher. The abrupt halt in government spending has thrown fifty thousand people out of work, who must be reemployed somehow without setting off a new inflationary cycle. Payment is also coming due soon on the teachers' wage increases, which could have the same inflationary effect. Land reform cannot be accomplished overnight, nor even within a year, as Amini's minister of agriculture has promised. Finally, the thirty-five eminent culprits now in jail haven't yet come to trial; and since nearly all of them have stolen from the public till with the compliance of the court, it won't be a simple matter to try them. With luck, Amini believes, he can get the worst of these problems straightened out in a year or less. But for all his stamina and audacity—he is at his desk at 5:30 every morning and steps on a thousand illustrious toes a day—he is alone in battle, with few able assistants and no political party behind him. He might hold out, but not without the unreserved support of the Shah.

Will the Shah Keep Him?

It is no secret that it was only with great reluctance that the Shah appointed and still tolerates Amini. He may not be unhappy about his new premier's busy reformism (he himself is a far more dedicated social reformer than his court counselors or innumerable relatives), but this particular premier happens to be among his most outspoken critics. He is, furthermore, the first one since Mossadegh to usurp the most cherished of royal prerogatives: the right to govern.

Dr. Amini's first condition for accepting the post was that he be left free to make his own decisions. "The Shah," he said, echoing Mossadegh's words and an all but universal sentiment here, "must reign, but not rule." Although the constitution declares the same thing, the Shah has often remarked, "When the Iranians learn to behave like Swedes, I will behave like the King of Sweden." Nevertheless, practically everyone here agrees that the time for the Shah to cede power is now, with a premier able and honest enough to win public confidence, and agile enough to keep an assortment of political forces in a juggler's balance. It would not be easy to find another Amini, and the probable alternatives are not very attractive: a right-wing generals' junta which, in keeping with the times, would almost surely end up in the hands of left-wing colonels; or the vulnerable and irresolute National Front.

Since the Shah also is vulnerable and irresolute—some Persians would give a lot to bundle all his sisters, cousins, and aunts off to the Riviera—American diplomats here are doing their best to drive home this point; and while they have no firm commitment from him as yet, they certainly have his ear. The Shah himself would probably be in permanent residence on the Riviera now if it were not for the State Department's intervention against Mossadegh in 1953 and the money it has poured into Iran ever since.

The period has passed—along with the passing of the Republican administration in Washington—when the State Department was willing to experiment with the kind of right-wing general who succeeded Mossadegh. And while many Persians seem to think that the flow of dollars would continue and even increase under a National Front government, that is not at all the State Department's way of thinking. Whatever the National Front's brand of neutralism, it could hardly be the kind that America has learned to live with—Nehru's kind, for instance: Iran is too close to Russia geographically, and too politically immature, to sustain a middle ground like India's for very long, and of course the National Front has no Nehru.

Along with the more thoughtful Persians, therefore, the State Department feels that Dr. Amini represents Iran's best and perhaps last chance to achieve stability and eventual prosperity. Given the tenderness of Persian sensibilities on such matters, the problem of supporting him without damning him is difficult. If American support is too open, he will be accused of having it; and if it isn't open enough, he will be accused of not having it. Nevertheless, the new American ambassador, Julius C. Holmes, is a skillful diplomat—and, it is to be hoped, a persuasive one where the Shah is concerned.

There is the possibility that the more thoughtful Persians and the State Department are both wrong, and that Iran is closer to Khrushchev's idea of it than they think. Appearances may not suggest that: the Communist Party here has lost much of the appeal it had in the early postwar days and is thought not to have more than twenty thousand supporters in Teheran, where it counts most; its readiest instrument, the National Front, is not expected to win more than a third of the popular vote when Amini holds the next election, probably within six or eight months; there are no visible signs here of an imminent popular uprising, armed or unarmed; and there isn't a breath of rumor about any forthcoming left-wing army coup. But conspirators don't usually broadcast their plans in advance; and if some enterprising young colonel should suddenly seize power and get away with it, as Nasser did, they might find, as Nasser did, that the mass following they lacked in advance would come later. Some people think it might come from the least likely source: the long-suffering peasantry. "It's only a question of time," says a foreign businessman who has lived here for ten years. "Not even of time for electricity to reach the most distant villages, but for some traveling salesmen to reach them with transistor radios."

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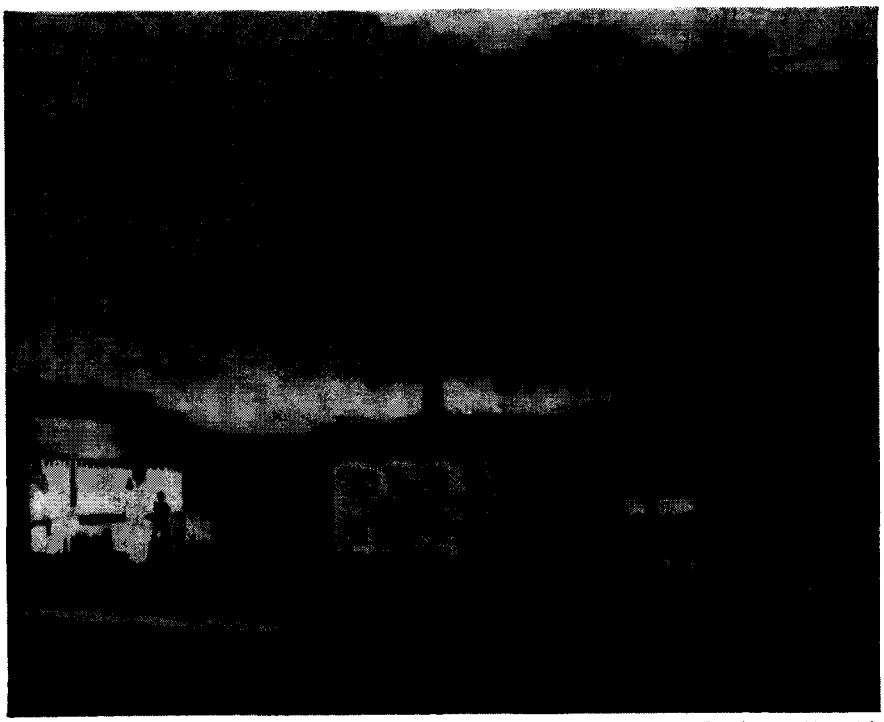

Painting by Dinnerstein

The 'Welfare Chiselers' Of Newburgh, N. Y.

MEG GREENFIELD

LAST FALL, out of more than sixty applicants who answered an ad in a city managers' bulletin, Joseph McDowell Mitchell was chosen city manager of Newburgh, New York. In Newburgh the credit for Mitchell's selection generally goes to Republican City Councilman George McKneally, a plumbing contractor who is convinced that a steady stream of Southern Negroes has been coming to Newburgh in recent years for the express purpose of going on relief, thereby boosting welfare costs to the point of fiscal crisis and all but wrecking the city in the process. Among the measures McKneally has suggested to remedy the situation are a strict residence requirement in the state welfare law and the use of police dogs to patrol the river-front wards where most of Newburgh's Negroes live. Standing under a "Khrushchev Not Welcome Here" sign in his plumbing shop, McKneally hastens to explain that "This is not a racial issue," then adds: "But there's hardly an incentive to a naturally lazy people to work if they can exist without working." Had he been responsible for the selection of City Manager Mitchell? Indeed he had. "I preferred Joe Mitchell," McKneally told me. "We discussed some city problems and his answers were the kind of answers I wanted to hear."

It scarcely matters now that had McKneally checked Mitchell's references he would have found that the city manager's job in Culver City, California, had been abolished, partly because of dissatisfaction with his services, and that his former employer recalled that "Joe's thinking seemed to represent a liberal point of view." In a round of speeches to local civic clubs, Mitchell seemed to express McKneally's views even more eloquently than the councilman himself had. Putting the welfare problem into historical perspective for a group of Protestants, Mitchell explained that ever since the Loeb-Leopold case, "Criminal lawyers and all the mushy rabble of do-gooders and bleeding hearts in society and politics have marched under the Freudian flag toward the omnipotent state of Karl Marx." In an address entitled "No Others Need Apply," he informed the Optimists Club that he meant to do something about Newburgh's own welfare program, which was currently attracting "the dregs of humanity into this city . . . [in a] never ending pilgrimage from North Carolina . . ."

In addition to his oratorical gifts, Mitchell brought efficient business techniques to his job. Last winter, for example, in order to provide funds for snow removal he ordered that welfare grants be reduced and borderline cases closed out. At the insistence of Clifford Tallcott, the state Social Welfare Department's area director, the reduction did not take place, and twenty-three of the thirty cases that had been closed were immediately reviewed. In May, Mitchell ordered a surprise welfare muster that Tallcott was unable to stop. Ambulatory welfare recipients, including the blind, aged, and disabled, were instructed to "report to the Police Department and pick up your check there." When Mayor William D. Ryan, the only Democrat among Newburgh's top officials, learned of the muster and inspected the crowded anteroom where the welfare recipients were waiting to be interrogated by the police, he too tried to stop the proceedings, without success. Undisturbed by all the fuss, Mitchell pointed out that surprise musters were "normal accounting practice" and announced his intention of having more of them.

Fun with Figures

Although Mitchell's speechmaking and managerial efficiency created a stir in Newburgh, it was not until he presented what he called statistical proof of Newburgh's plight that he and the city both came to national attention. In May a committee of three laymen who had been directed to study Newburgh's welfare operations produced a document described by Mitchell as "a scientific evaluation of blight."

On the basis of this study, the statistical picture Mitchell presented

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to the public was indeed alarming—or would have been had it been accurate. Mitchell claimed that to support 1,400 people, or five per cent of the population, Newburgh was spending $1 million annually. (According to state records, the average number of those on relief in 1960 was only 900, or 2.9 per cent of the population. Federal and state reimbursement accounted for all but $338,000 of the total spent on welfare.) Sharply rising welfare costs indicated a tax increase, Mitchell warned, and Newburgh was already spending one-third of its budget on welfare. (Welfare costs to Newburgh in 1960 rose by only $1,000 over 1959, and the state estimates that local expenditures for 1961 will be somewhat less because of more liberal state and Federal aid. They will account not for one-third of Newburgh's budget but about thirteen per cent.) What was worse, the very same people who were on relief had caused the loss of $1 million to Newburgh in assessed valuations since 1958. (While the slum area has been in decline for many years, assessed valuations for the city as a whole have risen slightly since 1958.)

As Mitchell saw it, it all added up to this: "migrant types" from the South were placing an excessive burden on Newburgh, which primarily took the form of Aid to Dependent Children (A.D.C.)—a "mirror of the sordid part of society"—and home relief. These two programs, Mitchell claimed, were "our greatest and most pressing problem." Once again the facts didn't seem to bear him out. The A.D.C. and home-relief programs accounted for only about eighteen per cent of Newburgh's local welfare expenditures. If every man, woman, and child in the two programs had been denied welfare in 1960, Newburgh would have saved $60,000.

It was on the basis of this simulated crisis that Mitchell devised his well-known thirteen-point plan aimed directly at cutting down A.D.C. and home relief, although he promised to get around to the blind, the aged, and the disabled later on. Even those who did not sympathize with the rest of his program had to admit that the points dealing with putting able-bodied men to work seemed to make sense. Indeed, they made so much sense that similar statutes had long existed in both state and Federal law. A section of the State of New York's Social Welfare Law, for example, reads: "No assistance or care shall be given to an employable person who has not registered with the nearest local employment agency of the department of labor or has refused to accept a position for which he is fitted and which he is able to accept." Where Newburgh's code differed was in requiring that any job be taken "regardless of the type," thereby removing safeguards against forcing a man to work for an unreasonable wage or in hazardous health or safety conditions. Another part of Mitchell's plan that seemed to make sense was the notion of municipal work-relief projects for able-bodied men who could not find regular employment. But this, too, is not new. New York State legislation enabled local welfare districts to set up such projects in 1956. The New York law said: "Any person who refuses to report for or to perform work to which he has been assigned by the public welfare official shall thereupon become ineligible for home relief."

The idea that Mitchell had invented a way to get a large and lazy labor force back to work persisted even after he was able to find only one employable man in July to put to work for the city. Although the official explanation was that a lot of loafers had been scared off relief by Mitchell's thirteen points, state records show that at the beginning of July, 1960, there were none available, although late that June, it is true, one man had been employed for four days mowing the lawn at Newburgh's Public Home.

Even before his thirteen points went into effect on July 15, Mitchell was proclaiming their success by way of a set of statistics that showed a dramatic drop in case loads between May and July. When it was brought to his attention that the lower figure might be explained by the fact that he was comparing the welfare case load of the entire month of May with that of one day in July, he went back for more figures. He was certain, he said, that his "psychological pressure" had done the trick.

"Psychological pressure" is truly the key to Newburgh's thirteen-point plan. Some of the points, such as a three-month limitation on relief and the denial of aid to unmarried mothers who bear another illegitimate child, violate state and Federal provisions that aid must be given so long as eligibility and need exist. There is evidence that Mitchell is already backing down on these two rules. Most of the rest of the program, scandalized as his supporters might be to learn it, would probably prove more bureaucratic, more expensive, and less efficient than the procedures and laws it would replace. Such practices as payment by voucher instead of cash, a monthly review of welfare records by the corporation council, and a monthly visit to the department by recipients for a review of their status are actually both expensive and inefficient, providing not only more humiliation for those receiving aid but also more red tape for those who administer it.

Most of what is new and revolutionary (the *National Review's* appraisal) about Mitchell's thirteen-point plan is actually not new at all but old—and very old at that. Nevertheless, Mitchell's program has won him a great deal of praise. "This took courage on your part," Senator Barry Goldwater wrote the city manager, "but it is the kind of courage that must be displayed across this nation if we are to survive. . . . My thanks to you as an American . . ."

Who Are the Chiselers?

Despite the fact that the only welfare fraud so far discovered in Newburgh has concerned the statistics offered by the city manager, Mitchell's plan has been taken up with enthusiasm in a number of quarters. Even as the New York *Herald Tribune's* own reporters were documenting inconsistencies in Mitchell's story—including the fact that the city had spent a total of $205 in 1960 (for which it was fully reimbursed) on A.D.C. and home relief for persons who had resided in the state less than a year—the paper reviled "Southern migrants who . . . when the season ended, loaded themselves on the Newburgh relief rolls . . ." "It's a fine commentary on public morality in this country," fumed the

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Wall Street Journal, "when a local community's effort to correct flagrant welfare abuses is declared illegal . . ." Which abuses? Last year Newburgh's welfare commissioner said he referred two cases of fraud to the corporation counsel—which is two more than Mitchell has yet found. Although abuses may exist in Newburgh's program, if they were flagrant and widespread Mitchell would presumably have exposed them by now. Sympathetic papers continue to hail his program as a "crackdown on chiselers."

It is clear from the letters that have flooded local newspapers on the subject that Mitchell has tapped a deep reservoir of popular emotion that extends all across the nation. Among the "Thank Gods" and "God blesses," there have been many demands for further humiliation of welfare recipients, apparently based on a strong conviction that the poor are carrying out some sort of deliberate conspiracy in a depressing world where vast numbers of chiselers and slug-a-beds buy not only whiskey but automobiles with their relief money and women conceive and bear illegitimate children for the sake of acquiring nineteen dollars a month. In a letter to the *Times,* one man wondered why "those receiving unearned benefits from the public purse" should not "suffer the social stigma that is rightly theirs." Even those who have taken exception to Newburgh's thirteen points have felt obliged first to affirm their undying hatred of welfare chiselers. Those who accept the points find in them the solution to high taxation, urban squalor, and even the problem of how to deal with the Soviet Union. ("What a perfect way to fight and win the cold war!" was one man's reaction to Mitchell's program.)

The notion that rising welfare rolls are a cause rather than an effect of other urban problems and the conviction that those problems can be solved by a crackdown on welfare recipients seem to be gaining increasingly wide support in many parts of the country. They are reflected in the public acclaim of Mitchell's theory that "the Welfare program can be used to halt blight," and in growing pressures in Northern states for residence requirements in social-welfare laws. The spread of Negro slums, the marginal employability of the unskilled Southern Negro, and the inadequacies of present social-welfare laws to deal with new problems have all contributed to the public's belief that all its troubles have been caused by a bunch of lazy Negroes and would end the minute they went home.

What Makes Slums?

The last time Newburgh came to national attention was in 1952. "In recognition of progress achieved through intelligent citizen action," Newburgh was honored as the "All American City." At the time it was stated that Newburgh had managed to lower its taxes, raise its services, and all but perfect itself in defiance of the laws of American urban life. The plaque now rests in the bottom drawer of a filing cabinet in the Chamber of Commerce office, and it is evident that Newburgh now qualifies as "All American City" chiefly because it is suffering almost every one of the well-known urban ills and frustrations that have developed since the war—a rapidly growing Negro slum, a declining business section, a rising crime rate, and increasing school costs. Built up to almost total density, the city has witnessed a move of population and market centers to the suburbs.

At the same time there has been a lack of industrial expansion and a decline in the local economy. Newburgh is a low-wage area depending chiefly on the needle-trade and other industries, which provide only intermittent employment. Despite the city manager's contention that "we have found that anyone who wants work can find it," Newburgh is part of a labor market that has been classified since 1957 by the Labor Department as an "area of substantial unemployment." It suffers, in short, troubles that are particularly hard for a small city to deal with, and many of them are beyond its control. Furthermore, Newburgh has added to its difficulties by a tradition of apathy and drift within the city and hostility toward its neighbors. The city had no effective housing code and little enforcement of its health and sanitation codes until a few years ago. While people are paying twenty-five dollars a week rent for two-room hovels down by the Hudson, property has been allowed to deteriorate. Bickering with neighboring towns and villages has prevented any unified effort to attract new industry into the area.

Along with the city's economic troubles, there has been increased tension between white and Negro residents. The slum at the river front, with its ramshackle buildings, broken windows, and empty stores, has become the subject of endless acrimony. Charges of rent gouging and racism on one side have drawn remarks about crime and general slovenliness on the other. There is no doubt that Negro children have created a problem in local schools. While in some other cities commissions and civic groups have been formed to improve race relations, Newburgh has taken no steps in that direction, although almost everyone there will tell you that once, long ago, he suggested it and the other side showed no interest. Only this fall will the schools begin a program to bring the Negroes up to the academic standard of the others, and day care and social services are at a minimum. At the moment a storm is brewing over the relocation plans for an urban-renewal project, and as usual the influx of Southern Negroes has become a partisan political issue. Some of the pressure brought on Governor Rockefeller for a residence law has been due to the fact that growing Negro populations are beginning to show up in increased Democratic registration rolls. While still substantial, the Republican majority in Newburgh has fallen off appreciably in the last few years, partly because of a registration campaign undertaken by the N.A.A.C.P.

There are many reasons why a city has slums. Some of the reasons, of course, may be traced to those who live in them. But to Mitchell there is only one explanation for nearly all of Newburgh's troubles. "See the unemployment rate. . . ." he has said. "Notice the heavy loss in assessed valuation in a certain area of the city. . . . the decline and fall of an entire business district. . . . Notice the urgent and desperate need to tear down whole sections of the city . . . Notice that most of those on relief are made up in large part of those who have wrecked a quarter

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of the city." To put the whole thing in a global context, Mitchell adds: "What more could a Communist want?"

Mr. Mitchell's Chief Contribution

While Mitchell has been given credit for bringing an important problem to national attention, the fact is that in New York State and elsewhere a great deal of public attention has already been paid to the cost and efficiency of public-welfare programs. An investigation of the Aid to Dependent Children case load in Cook County (Chicago), Illinois, indicated that pressure of the kind Mitchell has been advocating was making the administration of welfare even less effective. "Contrary to public misconceptions," the report stated, "practically no fraud and very little ineligibility were found in the A.D.C. caseload . . ." It added that "Much of the criticism has grown out of racial tensions."

Both the Cook County report and a study undertaken at the request of the New York State legislature found too much stress in welfare on establishing eligibility and too little effort to prevent dependency or achieve rehabilitation. Among the causes of dependency listed by the Cook County report were automation, fluctuations in the economy, discrimination in employment, lack of skills on the part of newcomers, and lack of education—clearly problems too big for a local community to deal with by itself. The New York report said: "The single most important problem in welfare administration at present stems from the fact that prevention and rehabilitation efforts require multi-departmental effort—employment, health, mental health, education, housing, correction—yet no practical means exist for leadership and co-ordinating this effort." Where even limited local efforts have been made at job training and retraining, adult education, and the establishment of day-care facilities for children, the results have shown up in lower welfare case loads.

Although leadership in these fields must presumably come from state and Federal governments, there are some steps Newburgh could take by itself to improve its economic health and lighten its budget. Mayor Ryan has long been recommending some sort of regional arrangement for Newburgh to help cut costs that are needlessly duplicated in neighboring towns, and the Chamber of Commerce is organizing a program to attract industry into the area. It is not altogether clear, however, that Newburgh wants more industry. "I don't think it's the answer," Councilman McKneally informed me. "It would only tend to draw even more of these people. I don't think we need any more. They should return to their point of origin."

Since it is unlikely that even Councilman McKneally can halt the tide of Negro migration to the North or that Newburgh's Negroes are about to return to "their point of origin," it is obvious that Newburgh is going to have to come to terms with the people who live in the river-front slum. As a beginning, Mayor Ryan hopes to appoint a civic council patterned after one that proved successful in lessening racial tension in Teaneck, New Jersey. Whether the mayor's council can succeed is another matter. Co-operation between Negro and white community leaders has never been very impressive in Newburgh. Now it is worse than ever. Except for certain additions to the folklore of social welfare, that has been Joseph Mitchell's chief contribution to Newburgh.

Ayub Khan And the Farmers of Pakistan

AMBASSADOR AZIZ AHMED

When President Mohammad Ayub Khan assumed full powers in Pakistan's bloodless revolution of October 7, 1958, he and his cabinet quickly came to grips with the nation's most pressing problem: land reform. President Ayub was fully aware, as he said in his address to the United States Congress a few weeks ago, that "unless a country's agriculture is put right and people are given the food and the necessary ingredients of a healthy life, they can't make other forms of progress."

Within nine days after the revolution, a Land Reform Commission was appointed. After three months' labor it presented recommendations to the president, who signed them into law four days later. As secretary-general of the new administration at that time, I also had the privilege of signing this historic document, under whose terms profound changes have been carried out rapidly but without violence or economic disruption.

As elsewhere in Asia, land in Pakistan is a way of life—and that way had for centuries been a kind of feudalism. Then, in 1947, Pakistan became independent. Pressure on the land increased with the rising expectations of a people emerging from colonial rule, no longer content to live in poverty and illiteracy.

The situation was particularly severe in West Pakistan, a region about the size of Texas but with forty million population. The smaller East Pakistan was already a land of small farms, but in West Pakistan six thousand landlords, some of whose holdings were as large as New Jersey, possessed as much land as 3,300,000 peasant families, while millions of landless tenant farmers were little better than serfs. Less than half the arable land was under cultivation. Farm output was declining. Land held by peasant proprietors had become fragmented by inheritance into an uneconomic patchwork. Finally, the monopolization of land by a handful of rich and politically powerful families threatened the development of democratic institutions in Pakistan.

Two classes of landlords predominated: the *zamindars,* who acquired their estates by inheritance or purchase, and the *jagirdars,* who had received great tracts as outright

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grants, free of taxes, in return for services to past Moghul or British rulers. They could (and did) evict their tenant farmers at will, raise rents arbitrarily, and exact free labor. At the next level, peasant proprietors, with plots usually less than five acres, struggled against poverty, enmeshed in debts to usurers during bad years and exploited by middlemen in good times. But the broad base of the population was sharecroppers leading a precarious existence at the mercy of the feudal landlords. Of Pakistan's ninety-four million people, ninety per cent depend upon the land for a living, and the bulk of these, in 1947, were landless laborers.

Correcting these abuses began in East Pakistan soon after independence, but with the untimely death in 1948 of Mohammad Ali Jinnah, founder of Pakistan, and the death in 1952 of Liaquat Ali Khan, the first prime minister, the nation lost its dynamic leadership. The political life of the country became increasingly dominated by the feudal interests. A succession of weak coalition governments controlled by the landed gentry talked about land reform but did nothing. Relations between landlord and tenant became strained. Agricultural output stagnated. The people became impatient for a change, and the dangers of the situation were heightened by the presence across our borders of a rival ideology which claimed to offer a short cut to material progress.

A Stern Choice

Thus it was that when President Mohammad Ayub Khan came to power in 1958, the nation faced a stern choice: speed reform, or face violent revolution in the Communist mold.

The president instructed the Land Reform Commission to "recommend measures to ensure better production and social justice as well as security of tenure for those engaged in cultivation." But, as the commission later observed, unfortunately the requirements of social justice and the interest of economic development are not always identical. At the outset the commission decided that a solution to Pakistan's land crisis would have to fit the uniqueness of the contemporary Pakistani situation, with the over-all goal of encouraging a strong middle class of smallholding farmers.

For years vested interests in West Pakistan had lobbied against limiting the acreage one owner could hold. They argued that redistribution of land would divide farms into uneconomic units and cause production to drop and that giving land to backward peasants would only worsen the already backward state of Pakistan's agriculture. Finally—and inevitably the capping argument—a ceiling on landownership was assailed as un-Islamic, if not Communist. A father's right to leave substantial amounts of land to his sons would be undermined. The truth was, however, that the benefits of large-scale mechanized cultivation were conspicuously absent in Pakistan. Rather than retard economic growth, the redistribution of land would spur productivity by giving the peasant the incentive of ownership. Fragmentation caused by Muslim laws entitling all heirs to a fixed share of an estate, however small, could be corrected by establishing a floor beneath which land could not be subdivided.

As for the question of peasant backwardness, it was not the cause but the effect of poverty, illiteracy, and frustration. To characterize a limitation on landownership as "un-Islamic" and "Communist" was clearly the proverbial red herring. The fact was that other countries in the Muslim world had introduced ceilings on landownership without either infidelity to Islam or the adoption of Communism. Indeed, an implicit objective of reform was to blunt the appeal of Communism. The October 7, 1958, revolution in Pakistan aimed to strengthen free political and economic institutions, not weaken or destroy them. Pakistan wanted to bolster the twin concepts of private enterprise and public responsibility, not demolish them. It sought to restrict the landed gentry, not bankrupt it; to provide the landless peasant not only with land but with security of tenure. Pakistan sought a permanent solution to the land question, not simply a transient formula that would be politically or economically expedient.

These, then, were the conditions under which the commission set to work. Its final report—accepted in all major respects—recommended that the state: (1) limit individual landownership to five hundred acres of irrigated or one thousand acres of unirrigated land; (2) distribute lands over this ceiling to tenants who would have the option to buy on a twenty-five-year mortgage; (3) compensate landlords for expropriated property in twenty-five-year, three per cent bonds; (4) convert squatter's rights into full ownership; (5) resume without compensation all lands held free of rent as grants from former foreign rulers; and (6) prohibit subdivision of land below units of eight acres.

Fair compensation was calculated on the basis of the average yield per acre and on produce price indices. Since the treasury lacked sufficient funds to pay the landlords immediately, the commission settled on compensation in the form of the bonds, which are both negotiable and heritable.

Swift action on these recommendations showed the administration's determination to tackle land reform with vigor. Some landlords quite naturally balked. But the president was firm. He called on them to "appreciate the needs of the time," adding: "The history of other countries is before us and we have to take a lesson from it apart from the dictates of social justice. . . . I consider the introduction of these reforms as an absolute necessity for the survival of the system and values which brought Pakistan into being as a free state."

Creating a Middle Class

More than a hundred thousand peasant families were the immediate beneficiaries of land redistribution. Each received, on an average, eight acres of land and a government grant of one thousand rupees (slightly more than two hundred dollars) to tide it over the initial period of occupancy. The first peasant to receive a certificate of landownership was a forty-year-old West Pakistani whose income had been about forty dollars a year. As a landowner he could look forward to doubling that figure, and even to sending his children to school. Ownership of land, for him, meant a new life.

By the end of last year the government had taken title to more than

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2.5 million acres for redistribution. About 1.2 million acres were uncultivated lands that currently are being surveyed as homesteads so that they may soon be brought under the plow.

Agrarian reform has not ended with land redistribution. This was, in fact, only a beginning. In several countries, well-intentioned land-reform programs have failed because they were not supplemented by reforms in farm credit and by co-operatives. Where governments have not made credit available to the beneficiaries of land reform, the landowning peasant has been compelled to turn either to usurers in the towns or to former big landlords for credit and assistance in marketing surpluses. Accordingly, the commission put forth proposals in the field of credit to strengthen such government agencies as the Agricultural Development Finance Corporation and the Agricultural Bank. On March 31, 1959, a Credit Inquiry Commission was opened and since then a number of reforms in credit have been introduced. The commission also has made proposals designed to encourage the growth of co-operatives that arrange for the marketing of produce and those which assist the farmer in procuring fertilizer, insecticides, improved seed, and modern implements.

PAKISTAN'S land-reform program has had a broad impact on the country's development. For example, one of the principal goals of the second Five-Year Plan, launched last July, is to increase the production of food grains by at least twenty per cent by 1965, to make Pakistan self-sufficient in food. The incentive of landownership was expected to spur output; in part, this has already been confirmed. In March, the State Bank reported that domestic grain production rose 12.9 per cent last year despite poor weather.

It is still too early to assess the full impact of agrarian reform on Pakistan. But already it has given the nation's democratic institutions a firmer foundation. By encouraging the emergence of a new economic middle class, it is helping to create a new economic and social structure. In Pakistan, land reform has meant the dawn of a new day.

A New Lineup On the Supreme Court

ANTHONY LEWIS

FEW governmental performances have caused more bewilderment over the last few years than the course taken by the Supreme Court on questions of political freedom. The important decisions of the term ending in June—the upholding of the registration provisions of the Internal Security Act, for one—have surely not relieved the uneasy confusion.

It all began with the dramatic series of decisions in 1956 and 1957 that seemed to open a new era for the Court. In each of the cases—*Watkins, Jencks,* and *Nelson* are among the familiar names—the Court set aside some governmental action, state or Federal, as an infringement of individual rights.

Extravagant criticism and equally extravagant praise followed. "Moscow should be happy," wrote David Lawrence, adding that the *Watkins* case had "crippled the effectiveness of Congressional investigations." The American Bar Association's Committee on Communist Tactics said the decisions had served to "encourage an increase in Communist activity" and were responsible, at least in part, for "the paralysis of our internal security."

Fury on the Right was matched by joy on the Left. To liberals, as Karl E. Meyer put it in his recent book *The New America,* it seemed that the Supreme Court had revived the "bracing spirit of the New Deal." Pundits wrote that we had that historical rarity, a radical Court prepared to advance individual liberty against the repressive passions of the moment.

Whatever truth those stereotypes may once have contained—and that was not much—it is clear that events have passed them by. The reason must be bluntly stated: Without exception, every one of the controverted decisions of 1956-1957 has now been limited, restricted in its implications, or in effect abandoned.

This development raises troubling questions about the Supreme Court as an institution. Has the Court "retreated" from its 1956-1957 position? If so, why? What does the change signify for the future outlook of the Court?

A Quartet Is Formed

There were seven major cases, five decided in May and June, 1957, and two a year earlier, in April, 1956. Let us briefly examine these cases and their subsequent history.

1. *Watkins* v. *United States.* By a vote of six to one the Court reversed the contempt conviction of

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John T. Watkins for refusing to tell the House Un-American Activities Committee about other persons he had known when (as he admitted) he was a Communist. Justice Clark dissented. Not participating were Justices Burton, who was related to one of the lawyers, and Whittaker, who had just come on the Court.

Chief Justice Warren's opinion examined critically the behavior of Congressional investigating committees. Congress's power to inform, it warned, "cannot be inflated into a general power to expose where the predominant result can only be an invasion of the private rights of individuals." The opinion suggested strongly that the First Amendment limited the right of a committee to delve into a witness's "past beliefs, expressions or associations." But the holding, at the end of the opinion, was that the conviction could not stand because the committee had not made clear to the witness the purpose of its questions.

Two years later, in *Barenblatt* v. *United States*, the Court in effect took back all the hints about the Constitution. A five-to-four majority held that the First Amendment did not protect a former Vassar instructor, Lloyd Barenblatt, when he refused to tell the House committee whether he was a Communist.

Justice Harlan, who had joined the Chief Justice's opinion in the *Watkins* case without reservation, wrote for the majority. He was joined by Justice Frankfurter, who had indicated reservations in a concurring opinion in *Watkins*, by Justice Clark, and by the two newest members of the Court, Justices Whittaker and Stewart (Burton's successor). The dissenters were Chief Justice Warren and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan—the quartet that has since become so familiar.

Since *Barenblatt* the Court has affirmed every contempt-of-Congress conviction it has considered except one. Last term it rejected Constitutional claims by two witnesses despite a showing that they were subpoenaed only because they were critics of the House committee. The one reversal of a conviction came when Justice Stewart joined the four regular dissenters in finding that the questions put to a man who would talk about himself but not others—like Watkins—were not pertinent to the topic under inquiry.

2. *Sweezy* v. *New Hampshire*. By a vote of six to two the Court set aside the conviction of Paul M. Sweezy, an economist who had delivered a lecture at the University of New Hampshire, for contempt of a state legislative investigating committee run by New Hampshire's attorney general, Louis Wyman. The Court found that questions about Sweezy's connections with the Progressive Party invaded what Justice Frankfurter, in a concurring opinion, termed the citizen's right of "political privacy." Justice Burton joined Justice Clark in dissent, and again Justice Whittaker abstained.

The decision seemed to put tight limits on the power of the states to inquire into a citizen's beliefs and associations. But the doctrine, if such it was, did not last long. Its downfall came in 1959, in the case of Willard Uphaus.

Uphaus was a witness before the same New Hampshire inquiry, conducted by the same man, Attorney General Wyman. Uphaus refused to produce a list of guests at a summer camp he ran for a group known as World Fellowship, Inc. A five-to-four majority, in an opinion by Justice Clark, said the state had a strong interest because of a showing that Communists had been at the camp. And, said Justice Clark, "the academic and political freedoms discussed in *Sweezy*" were not "present here in the same degree, since World Fellowship is neither a university nor a political party."

The Chief Justice and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan again dissented.

3. *Yates* v. *United States*. Over the solitary dissent of Justice Clark, with Justices Brennan and Whittaker not participating, the Court reversed the convictions of fourteen California Communists for conspiring to teach and advocate the violent overthrow of the United States, in violation of the Smith Act.

The Court's opinion, a masterful piece of legal craftsmanship by Justice Harlan, said the convictions could not stand because only advocacy of overthrow as an "abstract principle" had been proved, not advocacy designed to "instigate action." The Court found this distinction in the Smith Act. But the opinion added that it so construed the act because otherwise it would approach a "constitutional danger zone." Many observers believed—some happily, some sadly—that the Court would not again uphold any Smith Act convictions. Congressional critics said the Smith Act had been "gutted."

These conclusions were proved false during the term that ended in June. Justice Harlan wrote for a five-to-four majority upholding the first conviction under the clause of the Smith Act that makes it a crime merely to be a member of a group advocating violent overthrow—a more attenuated activity than conspiracy. The dissenters were the same four.

4. *Jencks* v. *United States*. The Court held that a labor leader defending himself against a charge of falsifying a non-Communist affidavit had the right, during his trial, to examine reports made to the government before the trial by two of its witnesses, the purpose being to see whether these earlier reports corresponded with their trial testimony. Justice Clark alone dissented, and Justice Whittaker did not take part.

Within a few months of the *Jencks* decision, Congress enacted a statute limiting its effects. The law prescribed which pre-trial statements by government witnesses might be produced, and how. It excluded from production partial, non-verbatim summaries by a government agent of an interview with a witness—the classic FBI agent's notes.

In 1959 the Court, in an opinion by Justice Frankfurter, rigorously applied this statute, saying it now exclusively controlled the checking of witnesses' trial testimony against their prior statements to the government. Justice Brennan, in an opinion joined by the Chief Justice and Justices Black and Douglas, protested that there might be occasions when the Federal courts could order the production of items not included in the statute. He said that the Constitution, though not mentioned in the *Jencks* decision, was "close to the surface."

5. *Konigsberg* v. *State Bar*. The Court held that California could

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not exclude from its bar a man who refused to tell the bar examiners whether he was presently a member of the Communist Party. Justice Black, writing the opinion of the Court, said California had no rule requiring candor of bar applicants. And from a refusal to answer, he declared, the state could not rationally draw an inference of the bad moral character required to turn an applicant down. Justices Harlan, Clark, and Frankfurter dissented, and Justice Whittaker took no part.

Many state bar officials and bar-association leaders, outraged by what they took as the import of the decision, protested that their right to question applicants for a profession of integrity had been abolished. But they mourned unnecessarily.

Last term the same bar applicant, Raphael Konigsberg, was back before the Supreme Court, and this time he lost. A five-to-four majority, in an opinion by Justice Harlan, found that the bar examiners, on rehearing the case, had made clear to Konigsberg that candid answers to questions were a prerequisite to admission—and the Court found such a requirement Constitutional. An admission that he was a Communist, the Court noted, would not automatically have resulted in Konigsberg's rejection. The Chief Justice and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan dissented.

6. *Pennsylvania* v. *Nelson*. The conviction of Communist Party official Steve Nelson for advocating the overthrow of the Federal government in violation of a Pennsylvania sedition statute was held by the Court to be barred by the Smith Act. A six-to-three majority agreed with the Pennsylvania Supreme Court that the Smith Act had displaced similar state laws. The dissenters from this 1956 decision were Justices Reed (replaced a year later by Justice Whittaker), Burton, and Minton (replaced the next fall by Justice Brennan).

The *Nelson* case caused about as violent a protest as any of the series. Fears were expressed by many state officials that the states had been foreclosed from all prosecution and even investigation of alleged subversives.

Justice Clark disposed of any such implications in his *Uphaus* opinion. The *Nelson* decision, he said, had ruled out only state activity against subversion of the Federal government; the Smith Act did not take from the states the right to protect themselves. This point drew no dissent.

7. *Slochower* v. *Board of Education*. The Court, in an opinion by Justice Clark, set aside in 1956 the dismissal of a Brooklyn College professor who had pleaded the Fifth Amendment before a Congressional committee. The Court found that a New York City ordinance requiring automatic dismissal of employees who invoke the privilege against self-incrimination in any proceeding turned the plea into "a conclusive presumption of guilt." Such a reading of the plea, the Court said, was unconstitutional. Justices Reed, Burton, Minton, and Harlan dissented.

What most analysts thought the Slochower decision meant—that a state could fire an employee on the basis of its own inquiry but not simply because of his failure to answer questions at a Federal investigation—was undone in 1960 in *Nelson* v. *Los Angeles County*. Justice Clark wrote for a five-to-three majority, with the Chief Justice not participating and Justices Black, Douglas, and Brennan dissenting. The Court upheld the dismissal of a Los Angeles employee simply for refusing to answer questions at a House committee hearing.

The only difference in the facts of the two cases was that the California law in question did not mention pleas of self-incrimination, as the New York ordinance had. It said public employees had a "duty" to testify in any inquiry about subversion and would be deemed "insubordinate" and dismissed if they did not. Justice Clark put it: "The test here, rather than being the invocation of any constitutional privilege, is the failure of the employee to answer."

Two Votes Made the Difference

Does the subsequent history of the 1956-1957 decisions demonstrate a change of attitude on the part of the Court? To some degree, it can be said, the Court has simply dispelled exaggerated interpretations of the cases. The prime example is *Pennsylvania* v. *Nelson*. Few unbiased observers believed, as some members of Congress wailed, that the original decision wiped out the states' rights to investigate and prosecute subversion against themselves. In this view the *Uphaus* opinion merely corrected misreadings of the earlier case.

But other cases defy such an explanation. At the extreme is the progression from *Slochower* to *Nelson* v. *Los Angeles*. To at least some legal scholars, the majority's explanation of the difference between the two cases does not explain but is merely a verbal difference without a rational distinction. A state may not enforce a statute requiring dismissal of employees who invoke the plea against self-incrimination before a Congressional committee; but a state may fire an employee for invoking the same plea before the same committee under a law making it a general duty to answer. The mind reels.

At a minimum it is clear that the 1956-1957 decisions have not had the long-term significance that they were supposed to have when they were first decided. Their import has been whittled down in varying degrees. That appraisal simply returns us to the initial question: Has the Court changed its mind?

Four members of the Court answer "Yes." On this question the lines have hardened into an almost inflexible 5-4 division—the vote in every one of the later cases where all nine Justices sat—and the dissenters charge the majority with forsaking the 1956-1957 principles. The majority just as strongly denies doing so.

One possibility that can be put aside is that the change in the membership of the Court is the explanation. Justice Whittaker took no part in the 1956-1957 decisions, and so he cannot represent a shift. And Justice Stewart has shown no notable departure from the generally "conservative" views of his predecessor, Justice Burton. An arguable exception is the *Konigsberg* case, in which Justice Burton was with the original majority, but it cannot be assumed that he would have remained with Justice Black when the case came back the second time.

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Nor can any shift by the Court be laid to Justice Clark, who dissented from all the earlier decisions except *Pennsylvania* v. *Nelson* and *Slochower;* only on the latter issue was his vote crucial to the later result.

The inquiry, then, must focus on Justice Frankfurter, who was with the majority in all of the 1956-1957 cases except *Konigsberg,* and Justice Harlan, who dissented only in *Konigsberg* and *Slochower.* Their votes have made the difference.

HAVE Justices Frankfurter and Harlan "retreated"? If the question is meant invidiously, in the sense of a conscious, craven renunciation of principle, the answer must surely be "No." The two Justices could argue with perfect sincerity that nothing in the earlier opinions absolutely bars the later resolutions. But the fact remains that Justices Frankfurter and Harlan have refused to go one step beyond the most limited view of the 1956-1957 holdings, have cut back on what the most dispassionate observers considered the cases' logical implications—and have carried the Court with them. Why?

To begin with, it must be noted that this Court is suffering from extreme polarization. As the philosophical division between the four and the five deepens, there is a tendency for each side to suspect the good faith of the other. Extremism breeds extremism.

A fair example was Justice Black's original *Konigsberg* opinion. Even some sympathetic to his views regarded this as an extreme position; they could not understand the logic which conceded that a bar applicant had the burden of proving his good moral character but said his refusal to answer questions did not prevent his meeting this burden. Moreover, some thought Justice Black had to distort the factual record of the case to reach his result. To say the least, the performance did not increase the confidence of Justices Frankfurter and Harlan in their colleague's impartiality or judgment. (It should be noted that the four dissenters have just as strong feelings about what they consider extreme, improper performances by the other side.)

Moreover, there is excellent reasons to believe that Justices Frankfurter and Harlan regretted the character of some of the opinions they joined in 1957. The Chief Justice's opinion in *Watkins* ranged broadly over the possible legal defects in Congressional inquiry practices before settling on the narrow point of telling the witnesses the purpose of questions. His opinion in *Sweezy* was an obscure document that scholars have had little success in explaining; Justice Frankfurter wrote a much more persuasive separate concurrence joined by Justice Harlan. Justice Brennan's *Jencks* opinion has been criticized as vague and overbroad.

The feeling is that Justices Frankfurter and Harlan reacted against the breadth of those opinions and took the first opportunity to show that the opinions did not mean all they hinted.

Communists Are Different

These are instinctively cautious men—Justices Frankfurter and Harlan and their three majority colleagues. They hesitate to assert a judge's power against the popular will as expressed by a legislature.

It is dangerous to play psychoanalyst to judges, but one can imagine that this general caution was heightened by the public reaction to the decisions of 1956 and 1957. A man who had spent much of his life criticizing courts for standing against the popular will, as Felix Frankfurter had, could hardly have found it congenial to be denounced —or praised—as part of such a court. (It should not be forgotten that those two great apostles of judicial restraint, Justices Holmes and Brandeis, did not hesitate to stand against the popular will when such fundamentals as free speech were involved.)

In 1954 the Court had taken on an unprecedented social task in the race-relations field. It may have seemed to some of the Justices that the uproar over segregation was about all the burden of public controversy that could be borne at one time by an institution that depends ultimately on public confidence to enforce its decisions.

But the most important reason for the attitude of Justices Frankfurter, Harlan, and the rest of the present majority is, in a word, Communism.

Most persons would have thought a Constitution that protected a lecturer from disclosing his association with members of the Progressive Party would also protect a camp director from disclosing his association with guests, some assertedly Communists, who had come to hear lectures on current events. But the Supreme Court majority finds a different Constitutional balance when Communism is in the scales.

Justice Frankfurter's opinion in *Sweezy* contained a hint of the Court's future course: "Whatever, on the basis of massive proof and in the light of history, of which this Court may well take judicial notice, be the justification for not regarding the Communist party as a conventional political party, no such justification has been afforded in regard to the Progressive party. . . . This precludes the questioning that petitioner [Sweezy] resisted in regard to that party."

The Constitution precludes questioning about Progressives, Justice Frankfurter seemed to imply, but not about Communists. And this is the rule that the Court has now laid down. The Communist Party and its members are something different—Constitutionally different. They present a special threat. They work in clandestine ways, supported by a foreign power. Against them, Justice Harlan said in *Barenblatt,* the government must have the right of self-defense.

And so Communism and Communists have been put in a special category, with a much heavier burden to bear before governmental action against them will be upset. This past term, in the opinion upholding the requirement that the Communist Party register with the government, Justice Frankfurter discussed Congressional findings of a "world-wide Communist conspiracy" and said:

"It is not for the courts to re-examine the validity of these legislative findings and reject them."

When Communism is involved, then, a majority of the present Supreme Court is most hesitant to set its face against the political branches of government. More hesi-

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tant, it would seem, than during 1956 and 1957, when personal and institutional factors had evidently not been so strongly felt.

The contrast is telling when one looks to the trend of the Court's decisions outside the area of Communism. There, as Solicitor General Archibald Cox has put it, the long-run movement—with some ups and downs—is toward greater protection of the individual.

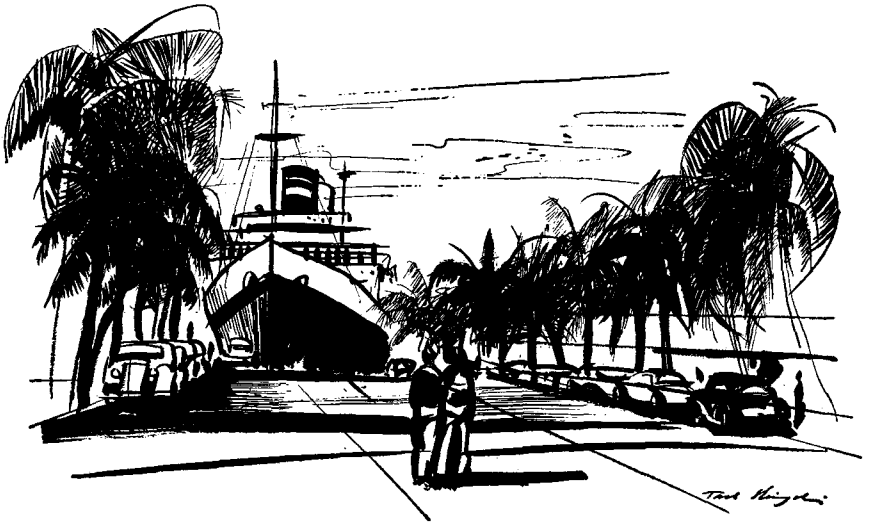
Freedom of speech and belief have fared fairly well in the Court's hands when Communism was not involved. Willard Uphaus had no right to withhold the names of his associates, but the N.A.A.C.P. need not disclose its members' names in hostile Southern states. The Court has moved steadily in the direction of greater freedom of expression from restraint in the name of moral purity, though this trend suffered a setback in last term's regrettable decision upholding movie censorship.

In race relations the Court has hewed to a line of steady increase in the protection of the individual against discrimination. And in criminal procedure the Justices have slowly extended the guarantees of fairness; the notable example was last term's decision overruling a 1949 case and holding that state courts may not admit illegally seized evidence.

Nor has the involvement of Communism prevented the Court from holding government to the niceties of fair proceeding. Last term Justice Stewart joined the four customary dissenters to make a majority for the single reversal of a contempt-of-Congress conviction. In his opinion for the Court, Justice Stewart put the record to a lawyer's scrutiny and, eschewing the emotional discussion that so often characterizes opinions in this area, found the government's proof of pertinency wanting.

THE RIGIDITY of the 5-4 division in the Court today distresses the most sympathetic and understanding observers. They wish above all that the Justices could more often find an unemotional, unabusive, unpolarized, lawyerlike course through the terrible tests of governmental power and individual rights that confront them.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Reservations Available

ELAINE KENDALL

ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, just when the West Indian tourist boom was hitting its stride, the late Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo built three splendid hotels as part of a campaign to turn his antiseptic and orderly police state into a vacation paradise. The largest of these stately pleasure domes, El Ambajador, could easily have accommodated three hundred guests. When I was in Ciudad Trujillo in the winter of 1958, there were perhaps thirty people staying there in uneasy grandeur. Tourists just weren't flocking to the Dominican Republic in accordance with El Jefe's plan, unless you could call deposed dictators tourists, and three of them—Batista, Perón, and Jiménez—a flock.

Most people obliged by airline schedules to stop in Ciudad Trujillo never even got off the plane. We were among the very few who did. Just then there was an intensified campaign afoot to attract visitors, charm them, disarm them, and send them home as PR representatives to tell their friends about their glorious holiday. All this plan lacked was the tourists. That was the gap we were to fill.

The formalities at the airport were rather more thorough than at other Caribbean islands, where the tourist is usually greeted with a Planter's Punch and waved through customs with a warning against sunburn. Here uniformed officials were everywhere, and most of them were equipped with formidable sidearms. Our bags were inspected with an attention to detail that I hadn't seen since 1949, when I crossed the Italian border the day after a jewel robbery. On that occasion, I remember that the border police peeled two bunches of bananas belonging to some English Boy Scouts. Fortunately, we had not entered the Dominican Republic with any bananas. Still, we were kept waiting for a long time on hard benches while our passports were passed from hand to hand. My own documents seemed to get particular attention. In a burst of ill-advised vanity, I had put "writer" under "occupation," and that seemed to be the crux of the problem. Finally an officer asked me what kind of writer I was, and if I worked for a newspaper. The idea plainly gave him little pleasure. I swallowed my pride and told him that I wrote romantic love stories. He smiled and put "housewife" on the paper he

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was filling out. We were then handed into a taxi and taken to El Ambajador, which we were assured was the best of the new hotels. (We later discovered that the other two had been shut down "for repairs," the local idiom for "no guests.")

The lobby and public rooms of the hotel were enormous—decorated in a stilted and indeterminate French style. There seemed to be hundreds of fruitwood chairs and dozens of chandeliers, but perhaps the area seemed infinite because the lobby was so entirely empty of life and movement. Instead of tanned and carefree vacationers in shorts, there were only vacant chairs. The pool was deserted. There was no one in the bar or any of the dining rooms. As we followed the bellhop down the carpeted corridors, our footsteps fell like lead into cotton. The windows of our room had been sealed so that the air conditioning would function efficiently, but it was obvious that the air conditioner hadn't been used for a long time, if ever. The atmosphere was damp and stuffy. The room was very fancy without being particularly comfortable, like a bedroom in a society movie of the 1930's. The rates posted on the door were approximately half of what we had expected. The hotel had been built on a treeless waste at the edge of the city, and the view was composed of leftover cinder block and other building debris. Landscaping was minimal and consisted mostly of cactus. There was no beach. It would have done nicely as a setting for a Kafka novel.

We were still looking at the non-view when the phone rang. The voice at the other end introduced himself as the Generalissimo's secretary, and welcomed us on behalf of El Benefactor himself. We thanked him. He went on to say that he would call on us within the hour, that a car and chauffeur would be placed at our disposal (not exactly—we were never able to dispose of either), and that the secretary of state for foreign affairs would see us in his office at eleven o'clock the next day. Our immediate reaction was that it must be a joke perpetrated by some acquaintance with an antic sense of humor. After some consideration, we decided that it was a case of mistaken identity. Both guesses were wrong. We were just what El Jefe had ordered.

Within the hour, just as he had promised, the Generalissimo's secretary arrived. We met him in the lobby and learned in greater detail just how very enchanted the Dominican Republic was to have us as guests. It was hoped that we would enjoy every minute of our stay. To that end, several entertainments had been arranged for the week ahead. We interrupted to say that we had

not planned to stay a week. Señor the Secretary of El Jefe then said that he was sure we would stay for a week because we could not decline to attend the state dinner that was to be given in our honor. It would be in the Government Palace on the following Monday. We asked him to repeat this invitation, and he stood up to do so. It was to be an intimate dinner for twelve, including the secretary of state, the minister of public works, the archbishop, the representative to the U.N., the ambassador to France, the finance minister, the American ambassador, and their ladies, if any. He produced a telegram that confirmed what he had said.

Unless one has refused to be a guest of honor at other state dinners in other palaces in the past, one scarcely knows how to say "No." Therefore one doesn't. One just says something like "Well, thank you very much. I'm—we're honored." The secretary seemed satisfied and sat down to finish his ginger ale. We made small talk—the usual thing one says to a dictator's personal secretary in a lavish and empty hotel lobby in the middle of the morning. We were shown our car and introduced to our chauffeur. The car was a pretty shade of blue, and the seats were covered with transparent plastic to protect them from God knows what mischance. The chauffeur had a large revolver on his hip and his livery included a cartridge belt full of bullets. As a matter of record, I suggested that they needn't go to all that trouble, though of course we appreciated it. We were just tourists, used to taking taxis or renting a Morris. This bit of tact went completely unanswered, as did a lot of other statements and questions during that week.

Our first entertainment was to be the call upon the foreign secretary. After that, we would be driven about to see housing developments and schools. We would be allowed to rest between seven and ten, at which time we would be taken to a night club for dinner and thence to an "exclusive" gaming casino. The next morning we would be called for at nine and shown some cement factories and highways. We would be permitted to inspect the University and the Academy of Bellas Artes, in which it was known we were interested. Then—because it was important for tourists on vacation to relax—we would be driven to a resort hotel some sixty miles further along the coast. This trip would enable us to see the site of the jet airport. At the resort hotel, we would be served a luncheon of regional specialties and bathe in the surf. Since La Señora had said that she enjoyed water skiing, a boat would be provided so that she could amuse herself in this fashion for one and a half hours. Then the fairgrounds, and then the musical fountains, and then, and then, and then. The recital made me dizzy with fatigue, but not so dizzy as the actual events, not one of which we were able to avoid.

The courtesy visit to the foreign

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secretary was unexpectedly pleasant. To get to his office, we had been shown through a series of empty and shuttered rooms in which all the furniture was shrouded in sheets. The effect of this walk was so disconcerting that the secretary's office seemed an oasis. It was light and airy, and there were photographs on the desk. We talked mostly about Columbia Law School (which El Secretario had attended) and the few professors we knew in common. I had the feeling that His Excellency was never quite sure why we were there or why he was receiving us in his office. He did, however, know about the state dinner, and assured us that he was looking forward to it.

This interlude was followed by the first of the tours with the armed chauffeur and Trujillo's secretary. We were driven to an area of incredible squalor, where ramshackle huts stood in a sea of mud. There was no sanitation, no electricity, and no road. We were shown this, it was explained, so that we would understand the miracles that had been wrought by El Incansable Benefactor. Then we progressed to a place where the hovels had been demolished and the ground leveled for the new development. "In a night," our guide told us, "in a single night, the bulldozers took it all away. In a week, the new houses are ready." We were then taken through miles of the new houses. They were small, but divided into four rooms and equipped with all the usual amenities. At several points, we were obliged to get out and inspect them. We talked to the beaming owners, who informed us that they paid for the houses out of the wages that they had earned building them. This system obviously solved two problems at once: unemployment and slum clearance. These people couldn't mention El Jefe without blessing him, and every room in every house had his portrait on at least one wall. (This portrait was inescapable. In that week, I came to know Trujillo's face better than my own.) When we asked where the money for these vast public works came from, we were told coyly, "That's a secret." Any more delicate rephrasing of this question was turned aside with "Is it not a miracle?" I suppose it was, in a way.

By now it was plain enough that we had somehow been caught in a tropical Intourist trap, that we were being given the full treatment, and that our chances of escaping any of the succeeding events were negligible. The idea seemed to be that since tourists were so scarce and valuable a commodity, nothing should be left to chance, not even chance itself. During the first of our evenings of supervised play, we were taken to a small casino where I was allowed to win sixty dollars playing blackjack and my husband another sixty dollars at the crap table. There were no other players in the club, but the croupiers obligingly took turns rolling the dice. After we had each won a nice round sum, the tables were closed and we were ushered out.

This fling at the casino followed what was probably the nadir of our

rush week. We had been taken to a cabaret for dinner—still the same ungainly threesome, El Jefe's factotum and ourselves. The cabaret was a little smaller than a jet hangar but similar in atmosphere. There was a twenty-piece band, and a soloist for the intermissions. There were no customers whatsoever. This, our escort assured us, was the smartest and most popular night spot on the island. "Where are the people?" we asked. "At the baseball game," he said. We sat down at one of the hundred-odd tables and had drinks. The peculiarity of the situation was aggravated by the fact that we had been told to dress in evening clothes. There we sat, black tie and white chiffon, with our inevitable third in a rumpled wash 'n wear suit, all alone. The band played loudly. There was no human sound to absorb the noise, which bounced off the embossed metal ceiling like a barrage of cannonballs.

Conversation with Trujillo's secretary had never been spontaneous, and on this occasion we gave up trying. After an interminable period at one table, we were moved to another for dinner. The menu was provocative—among "appetizers," it listed "hot dogs, Fresh Beluga Caviar, pizza pie, and salmon fumée." We settled on the salmon fumée. There was a lot of rapid shouting and then nothing. A half hour went by, at the end of which we were each brought a tin of salmon on a plate. One, I remember, was White Rose and the other Bumble Bee. These were left intact for another quarter hour, then removed. After this fiasco we were not asked to order again, ever. The rest of the dinner appeared quickly, and consisted of a rather mushy filet surrounded by canned peas. The baseball game must have ended, because the lights went off at the nearby stadium, but no one came into the cabaret. Our host couldn't have been less surprised.

Every day was like the one I've described, with minor variations. Sometimes we saw cement factories, sometimes superhighways, sometimes hospitals or schools, but the pattern varied very little. We avoided another evening in the ghost cabaret by insisting that we wanted to eat in the hotel dining rooms. These spots were relatively popular with the Dominican Army officers, and there was almost always a table or two of generals. From time to time, the clatter of their sidearms would break the awful silence. There was the day that we were taken to the seaside hotel (off season), there was the day we saw the university (vacation), the afternoon we went to the art academy (after class), the visit to the cathedral (Mass had just ended), and a trip to a beautiful modern synagogue (on Thursday).

After six days of this, we could hardly wait for the state dinner. There were, after all, going to be ten other people there. Trujillo's secretary was not coming. The guest list was impressive, and the foreign secretary, that affable advocate, was to be host. The consul would call for us and we wouldn't have to ride

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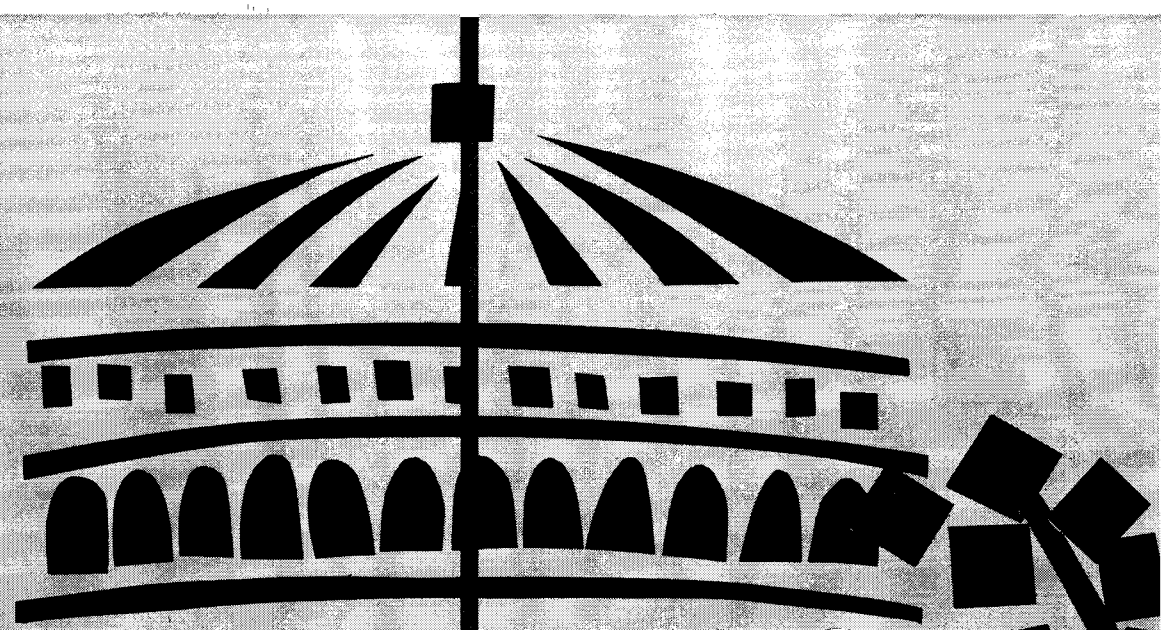

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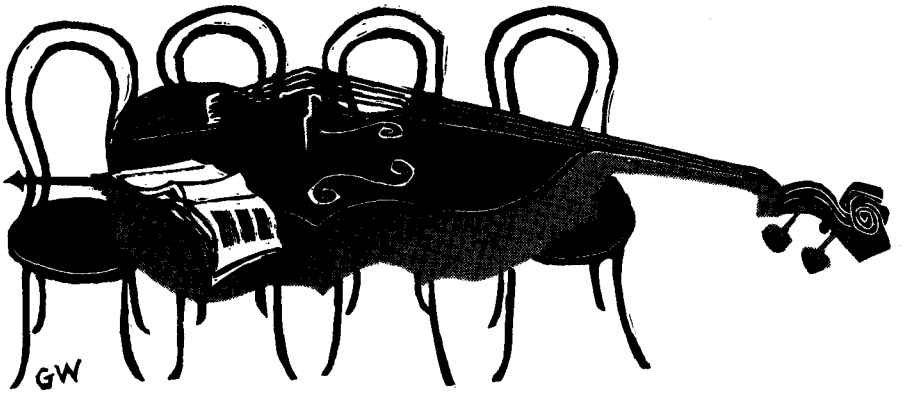
in the blue car. We spent the afternoon swimming in the hotel pool and composing Spanish toasts. We played tennis. No more cement factories, no more housing developments, no more *diners à trois.*

THE DINNER PARTY was held in the same palace where the foreign secretary had his office. All the shrouds had been removed from the furniture and the rooms were filled with women in lovely gowns, ministers in dinner jackets, and flowers everywhere. There were trays of cocktails and delicate crab puffs to go with them. There were also TV cameras, microphones, and batteries of floodlights. Every word we said was recorded. Every gesture was photographed, including my hapless search for an ashtray. The cameramen kept grinding away right through dinner —they stood behind the footmen and got some particularly nice shots of the Archbishop cutting his meat.

Conversation at the table was the sort of talk one hears in a sickroom. I was complimented on my sun tan, we chatted about restaurants in Rome, and we reminisced about Columbia Graduate School. Whenever the conversation would take a more adult turn, whenever it touched, however lightly, on politics, back we would go to fettuccine, the wide variety of courses in the Columbia catalogue, and sun-tan oil. This trivia was spoken first in French, then in Spanish, and finally translated into English for the benefit of anyone who might have missed the Romance versions. With this kind of round robin, only a third of the usual amount of talk is necessary, and there is always a pleasant multilingual hum with never an awkward pause. It was the very ideal of a successful party—I saw it next morning on television and was amazed at how happy everyone looked. As we said goodnight, the finance minister promised me three mementos of the country—a lump of iron ore made into a doorstop, a set of bongo drums, and a hundred pounds of coffee. We were given the lump of iron before we left, but the other presents never came. That's no way to treat a tourist. A host should remember that it's the little things that make one feel at home. The big ones take care of themselves.



The New Faces of Jazz

NAT HENTOFF

UNTIL the mid-1940's the average jazz musician would have received references to himself as an "artist" with skepticism, embarrassment, and some alarm. The jazzman was fully aware that he was being paid to entertain and that his music was often mainly a background to conversation, dancing, and high-volume drinking.

The jazz musician was usually apolitical. The Negro players were bitter about Jim Crow and viewed Southern—and most Northern—trips with chill disdain; but their music itself carried considerably less overt "protest" content than many of their white admirers liked to believe.

With the arrival of modern jazz and its complex harmonies and subtly shifting rhythms, jazz's function as dance music eventually disappeared, and it became a music for listening only. In the more solemn jazz rooms, roistering conventioneers were regarded by the other customers as instantly expendable squares, and occasionally were either asked to leave by the management or were ferociously lectured by the combo leader. ("You think what we're doing is weird?" Charlie Mingus once growled at an audience. "Just look at yourselves.")

The musicians, particularly the Negro players, were careful to establish what they considered to be an artist's stance in relation to the laity out front. Until about five years ago, it was considered *infra dig* among the modernists to smile on stand, announce the tunes, bow to applause, and in some cases to acknowledge that an audience was present at all. As John Lewis, musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, explains the mood of those years: "For the younger musicians, this was the way to react against the attitude that Negroes were supposed to entertain people. The new attitude of these young Negroes was, 'Either you listen to me on the basis of what I actually do, or forget it.' "

HAVING WON their point in the sense that jazz is now indeed being taken seriously by its growing audience, occasionally to the point of unwitting parody, most jazzmen have become less bristlingly detached on night-club stands and at concerts. It is now possible for a modernist to indicate visible pleasure in playing without being condemned by his peers for "Uncle Tomming." But the rules of the fraternity still require performers to dress soberly and to avoid any semblance of the old busboy-like band uniform or the later zoot suit. For several years, the preferred styles have been adaptations of Brooks Brothers conservatism or the muted elegance of Italian tailoring. "Hell," commented a mature trumpeter, a veteran of Chicago gin mills, "if we had come to work dressed like that, they would have laughed us off the stand."

Although the young jazzman is

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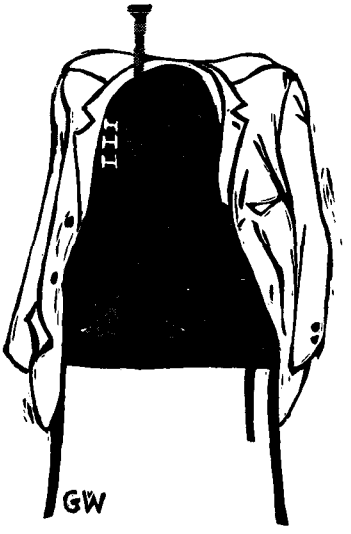
now better dressed by far than the average night-club owner, there is a continuing debate among the players as to whether night clubs, even when their customers have been relatively tamed, are any longer the proper places in which to play jazz. An increasing number of the newest jazz generation tend to think that concerts may be the answer. Several cities, including Minneapolis and Boston, now have an annual series of jazz subscription concerts, similar in organization to series on the long-established classical music concert wheel; and it may well be that the more introverted musicians will eventually be entirely spared exposure to the smoke and clamor of the night club.

A good many jazzmen, however, continue to prefer the easy informality of the clubs. Julian "Cannonball" Adderley, a successful combo leader, points out that "It's difficult for jazz musicians to relax in tuxedos and bow ties, and it's also difficult for people who have nothing to do but stare at you to relax. You can really measure what you're doing by those people who are having fun with you rather than by those who analyze everything you do."

ANALYSIS, nonetheless, has become a pervasive process in the jazz life. Not only have more critics appeared who approach a jazz performance in a manner similar to the way the "New Critics" used to dissect a line of poetry, but the musicians themselves have become much more self-conscious about their work. Sonny Rollins, an especially venturesome tenor saxophonist, read a long, technical analysis of his improvisations by critic-composer Gunther Schuller and was thrown into near panic at the realization that he hadn't been consciously aware that he was doing everything Mr. Schuller said he was. After he began to work out his past solos intellectually, Rollins for a time found he couldn't play them at all. He has now sworn never again to read the critics.

Rollins is symptomatic of the growing self-absorption of the younger jazzmen in another way. Although he was acknowledged to be the leading tenor saxophonist in modern jazz two years ago, he was dissatisfied with his progress and retired from the wars to study and practice, a move that no jazzman before 1950 would have even contemplated. Rollins can now be heard in public only late at night on occasion, practicing on Brooklyn Bridge, where, like Walt Whitman, he tests his ideas and cadences against the elements.

For those who have remained in the arena, there are other new problems besides proper places in which to play and the grim analysts. During the past decade, the long latent conviction of many Negro musicians that whites are automatically inferior jazzmen began to be expressed quite explicitly. White players were told they lacked "soul" and didn't



really know how to swing. When a white musician was hired by a Negro combo, an infrequent event, the community of white jazzmen was considerably if temporarily heartened. "For us," one of them recalls, "it was like the Emancipation Proclamation when Miles Davis hired Bill Evans."

The wall against whites, which was never wholly unscalable, has begun to crack markedly in the past couple of years. The average Negro jazzman is still apt to be more respectful of a white *European* jazz musician because he feels the European is likely to have had less exposure to American white prejudice against Negroes; but more homegrown whites are being admitted to the inner circle. The more thoughtful Negro players now agree that there is no genetic factor in the Negro that makes him a superior jazz player. The environmentalists have taken over.

The theory is that as both whites and Negroes now grow up with jazz more universally accessible, even the environmental differences will lessen and in the future a greater percentage of white jazzmen will be, so to speak, "kosher."

AMONG Negroes currently in jazz, however, there is the additional problem of relating their music to the "new Negro" and to emerging Africa. While Elijah Muhammad's Black Muslims have not had much recruiting success among jazzmen, there is a strong nucleus in jazz of what could be termed Negro chauvinists who are applying their own stern criteria of race pride to the work of their colleagues. Those found wanting are accused of "playing white" and of trying to *be* "white." Last May Miles Davis headlined a benefit concert at Carnegie Hall for the African Research Foundation, an organization that raises money for medical care in Africa. Shortly after intermission, Max Roach, an influential modern drummer, interrupted a Davis solo on "Some Day My Prince Will Come" by marching on stage with a placard reading "Africa for the Africans." Mr. Roach was apparently exercised over the fact that the African Research Foundation is interracial. Mr. Davis, never known as an apologist for white supremacy, was infuriated, and the chauvinists had lost a prospect.

The assertion of racial pride is also evidenced by the fact that several Negro girl jazz singers have abandoned hair straighteners and have cropped their hair close, African-fashion. A number of jazz composers meanwhile are writing pieces about Africa such as Randy Weston's *Uhuru Afrika* and Mr. Roach's own militant *Freedom Now Suite*. Some white jazz critic has put it, "We have entered an era of Negro Zionism."

For all the debates among the musicians themselves, the image of jazz on the outside is not only becoming more respectable but in some cases positively virtuous. The *Christian Century* has commended

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Lutheran pastor John Garcia Gensel of New York for his "unique ministry to jazz musicians, many of whom live in the upper-Broadway neighborhood of his church . . . Dressed in his clerical garb Pastor Gensel visits bars, cafés and night clubs, drinking Coca-Cola and ministering to his 'parishioners' . . . To release Gensel for this full-time ministry to jazz musicians, the Home Mission Board of the United Lutheran Church in America provided his congregation with an assistant minister."

Gensel has arranged a three-day workshop in Greenwich Village for next February on "Jazz and Contemporary Culture." Jazzmen will be among the speakers, and the major part of the audience will consist of clergymen. For older jazzmen, especially Negroes, who were eyed as pariahs by their ministers when they announced they had a call to jazz, the change in clerical attitude is astonishing.

BENEATH all the changing attitudes of the musicians and the jazz audience, and the attempts to extract extramusical values and symbols from the music, the actual process of communication in jazz is the one factor that has not changed since the nights a half century ago when the first jazz bands played for funerals, parades, and workingmen's dances and would have been delighted to do anything the Ed Sullivans of that time asked. Bassist Sam Jones, a member of the Cannonball Adderley quintet, believes that once a jazzman starts to play, all his ideological concerns are still submerged in the thrust to make his audience move. The saddest experience for a jazz musician, Jones told *Down Beat,* is when "you think that the band is into something, but when you peek out there in the audience . . . there isn't nobody moving—nobody out there getting a message." Euphoria, on the other hand, occurs when "the rhythm section is together, and the bass and drums are pulsing like a heartbeat . . . You get that feeling, and when you see somebody out there begins popping their fingers and moving their head and shaking their shoulders, then you can say, 'There it is.' You know you're into something."

BOOKS

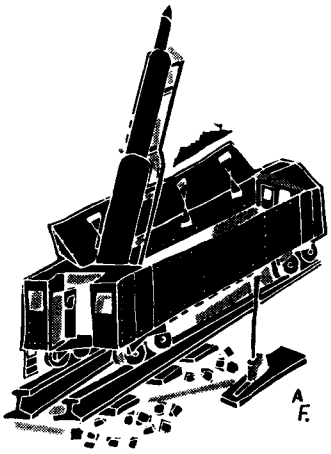
A Cold Look at the Holocaust

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR, by Herman Kahn. *Princeton. $10.*

STRATEGY AND ARMS CONTROL, by Thomas C. Schelling and Morton H. Halperin. *Twentieth Century Fund. $2.50.*

Underlying much of the uneasiness that persists about American military policy, not only in Europe but in the United States itself, is a widespread belief that the formulation of American strategy has been usurped by a group of cold-hearted intellectuals whose abstract conceptions of nuclear deterrence and all that it involves have beclouded the "common-sense" view of East-West relations and introduced unnecessary complications into the considerations of disarmament. This is a view that is not confined to "the plain man" but is also held by many other intellectuals, who believe it legitimate to devote their best energies to the study of relatively manageable problems like urban sprawl or race relations, but somehow consider it morbid, dangerous, and anti-social to give serious, imaginative, and prolonged thought to social man's oldest preoccupation—the winning, losing, or avoidance of war (unless such thinking contains such a high content of idealism as to remove its conclusions from the realm of practical politics). Worse still, the work of many American military intellectuals is concerned with the problem of avoiding or fighting general thermonuclear war—a contingency which most people want to repress by substituting such hortatory rationalizations as "There is now no alternative to peace."



Much of this criticism of the military intellectuals at Harvard, Princeton, or the RAND Corporation is grossly unfair. Civilians, or retired officers working in a civil environment, have always had a more profound influence on the strategic concepts of great nations than military staffs. They have greater leisure and greater capacity for that abstraction of the essential from the inessential which all profound thought necessitates. Albert Wohlstetter, Bernard Brodie, and Henry Kissinger are following a path well trodden by Clausewitz, Mahan, Douhet, Liddell Hart, and many others. (Foch is one of the few active soldiers in modern times who was also a considerable thinker, and his ideas were mostly disastrous.)

Furthermore, American military thinkers would be grossly derelict in their duty if they did not address themselves to the problems of general war. Only those who have deeply studied its likely causes or courses can gain any real insight into how it is to be avoided, and this needs a knowledge of the characteristics of present and future weapons systems that few non-Americans can acquire. There are many aspects of international security—limited or subversive warfare, or regional disarmament, for instance—about which Europeans know as much as Americans and have as useful a contribution to make. But it is an aspect of the loneliness which great power imposes that only Americans, by and large, can really get to the heart of the appalling problems of grand strategy that this same power has created. (Soviet writing on strategic questions, rarely original, is for the most part derived from American thinking.)

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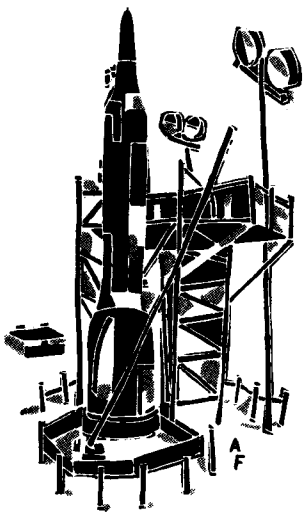
Those who seriously concern themselves with the problems of peace—American, European, Russian, or uncommitted—have a right to expect three things of the major American writers. First, that their reasoning and conclusions should be clear, however grim; second, that their standpoint should be objective, that they should not propagate as carefully calculated fact what are no more than debating points in an unresolved interservice controversy; and third, that they should take account of political reality.

FOR THESE REASONS, I would defend to the death the right of Herman Kahn to publish a large study *On Thermonuclear War,* including, as it must, considerations of the effects of such a war, of the possibilities of national recovery, and of the impact of different weapons systems on its course. It is absurd to describe it, as one reviewer has, as "a moral tract for mass murder." For it is only by ventilating these considerations that any constructive national or international debate can be developed on the policies for averting war in an age in which, as Mr. Kahn rightly emphasizes, continuous technological innovation is not necessarily working in favor of stability. The real criticism of this book is not that it is heartless but that, for all its shining brilliance and originality, it is obscure, misleading, and politically naïve.

Mr. Kahn deeply distrusts the current concept of "finite deterrence," which holds that a limited number of relatively invulnerable second-strike weapons are capable of deterring the Soviet Union from attack not only on the United States but on its allies. This concept he demolishes with great skill and imagination, pointing out that it may not produce a stable balance at all; that it forces warfare back into its old barbarous pattern of attacks on open cities; that since it makes little provision for civil defense, it diminishes the credibility of America's guarantee to its allies; and that it would give the United States little power over the course of a war if it came.

In default of a greatly expanded limited-war capability, to which he devotes little constructive thought, Mr. Kahn would like to see the United States embark on two main lines of activity: first, a major civil-defense program which would reduce the casualties of a nuclear strike on the United States to a level that would enable the country to recuperate fully from the effects of war within, say, a decade; and second, the maintenance of as great an ability as possible to destroy Soviet weapons as opposed to cities—a counterforce capability—which may require a very large American arsenal. Only thus, he believes, can the United States confront the Soviet Union over the years, minimize the danger of Soviet miscalculation, and respond calmly to blackmail or provocation.

There is no doubt that it is an impressive thesis, though one that is not easy to winnow out of 651 unindexed pages, using a largely invented jargon whose imposition on the reader the author declares as his express aim. There are three things to be said about it. In the first place, his analysis of the measures required to enable the United States to recuperate from a nuclear war in ten years is shallow, despite the wealth of statistics he brings to



bear. It takes no account of the state of the outside world after a war, which would be crucial for a country as increasingly dependent on imported raw materials as the United States, and it makes no attempt to assess those more imponderable factors which determine whether a country has the will to recuperate after a great disaster or of the form of society that might foster such a will. (In some important respects the United States has not wholly recuperated from the Civil War of a hundred years ago.) There is little in Mr. Kahn's analysis, or in his earlier studies on the subject, to convince me that a large program of civil defense or active air defense would produce a good enough prospect of recuperation to justify its disadvantages—expense, dislocation, and an inevitably unfavorable reaction among the allies, to whom such an option is not open by reason of limited resources and warning time.

In the second place, his arguments for the maintenance of what he calls a Credible First Strike Capability—a force large enough to enable the United States to initiate strategic bombing and destroy a large part of Soviet strategic air and missile power as a deterrent to a Soviet assault against, say, one of the NATO allies—seems to overlook the fact that the United States may become physically unable to achieve such capability. However much money Congress is prepared to vote, and Mr. Kahn argues that an increase of between $7 billion and $14 billion in defense expenditure may be necessary, the evolution of hard and mobile missile bases in a country the size of the Soviet Union may make the target so widespread and unknown as to put such a strategy beyond the American grasp. (Quite apart from the fact that the attempt to maintain this kind of strategic edge must lead to a continuous upward spiral of the arms race.)

Finally, by concentrating on the issue of general war alone, Mr. Kahn makes much of his discussions of its possible causes hypothetical to the point of political nonsense. He says, for example, "It is hard for most people, including the author, to believe that any nation would violate the balance of terror and start a war unless it was under great pressure to do so," and he says elsewhere, "We cannot afford to eliminate completely our ability to go to war if provoked in some extreme fashion." But will the Soviet Union, knowing the stakes, ever offer an extreme provocation? What does "extreme" mean in so dire a context? Either Mr. Kahn greatly underestimates the caution and subtlety of Soviet policy—over Berlin, for instance—or here

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is the doctrine of massive retaliation dressed up in new clothes.

Because of his inability to organize his argument, Mr. Kahn may easily be misinterpreted as an enthusiast for an indefinite arms race between the United States and the Soviet Union. In fact he is deeply concerned, as his chapters on hypothetical future wars demonstrate, with the dangers inherent in such a contest, even though he has few suggestions to make about controlling it beyond the simplistic one of eventual world government.

SCHELLING and Halperin explore a different and even more complex area of policy: the extent to which "arms control," restraint on national policies—whether unilateral or negotiated, explicit or tacit—can promote national and international security in a world in which political animosities show no signs of abating. In contrast to most writers on strategy and disarmament, they merchandise neither *Götterdämmerung* nor an ideal world, but seek to identify those areas of conflict where both sides have an equivalent interest in averting catastrophe, where both could lose equally.

Despite its small compass, their book covers an enormous range of ideas. Perhaps the most important is its central thesis that arms control is not an antithesis to military policy—something which comes into force on a bright blue day when both sides forgo the present arms race—but should be a central aspect of a responsible military policy:

"What we call 'arms control' is really an effort to take a long overdue step toward recognizing the role of military force in the modern world. The military and diplomatic worlds have been kept unnaturally apart for so long that their separation came to seem natural. Arms control is a recognition that nearly all serious diplomacy involves sanctions, coercion, and assurances involving some kind of power or force, and that a main function of military force is to influence the behavior of other countries, not simply to spend itself in their destruction."

Mr. Schelling has in recent years been a pioneer of this kind of approach, and any summary of his thesis would do an injustice to the richness and subtlety of his thought. My only point of contention with him would be his reliance on "tacit arms control," the communication of our intentions to the adversary by our own actions, a policy that proved fallible even under the old diplomacy and is nearly impossible to achieve through the distorting mirror of an ideological conflict.

One may feel that with the breakdown of the nuclear-test talks, the first serious attempt at arms-control negotiations in many years, this book has missed its mark. I do not think so. Mr. Schelling is a master craftsman of a science that has yet to be developed (in the same way that Adam Smith was a masterly economist before economics was a developed science). When the day comes, as it must, when the Russians finally realize that their shibboleth of total disarmament neither convinces us nor impresses the uncommitted world, while their failure to make any limited agreements exposes them to enormous risks, men will turn back to the kind of ideas on which Mr. Schelling has been working. Though the book is only one-fifth the length of Mr. Kahn's, the enduring importance of the ideas it explores and the quiet lucidity with which they are presented makes the bulkier volume seem like pamphlet literature, a polemic contribution to a current debate. «»

Italy In Two Dimensions

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

STORIES OF MODERN ITALY. Edited by Ben Johnson. *Modern Library. $1.95.*

Ben Johnson's fine anthology of modern Italian short stories sets me wondering all over again how much credence we ought to lend to literature as the barometer of society. The problem is especially pertinent in this case, where the editor's bias is avowedly toward writing "embedded in reality," stories which are "consciously at grips with the everyday or natural occurrence, willfully shaping it as the substance of art." Indeed, Mr. Johnson concludes his summary of this century's Italian fiction with a candid declaration that he has siphoned his selection largely from the reservoir of writers possessing "a critical awareness of the new man being formed"—which would seem to describe, it seems to me, any man at any time, or no man ever.

In this anthology, the American reader will find an Italy closer in imagery and concern to the films of De Sica, Rossellini, and Fellini than to the travel-posterish *Roman Holiday* or to Katharine Hepburn being pursued around Venice in a gondola. This is not to say that one Italy is any more real than the other. American schoolteachers *are* ogled by would-be lovers, Latin and unemployed; Capri *does* look like Capri; and Giotto's Campanile was not put up for the tourists.

But you will find almost none of this gay reality in modern Italian narrative. You would never know from Vasco Pratolini's chronicles of poor lovers, prostitutes with hearts of gold, and litter-strewn back streets that the Florence of which he writes is one of the gem cities of the world. You would never know from any of the works of Alberto Moravia, to take a name well known to Americans, that some inhabitants of the country are not clinically aware of —or practicing—sex at all hours when they are not just plain bored.

THE FACT IS that Italian writers tend to avoid celebrating the loveliness of their land almost as if they were ashamed of it. There are several reasons for this. First, I think, is the shying away from any hint of rhetoric: the other side of the medal of flamboyance. Ever since the day Giovanni Verga received his revelation of naturalism from an ungrammatical ship's log (". . . without a sentence more than necessary . . . It struck me. I reread it: it was what I had been looking for . . . It was a beam of light!"), Italian writing has been dominated by the realistic revolt. This realism or naturalism takes various forms. In the immediate postwar phase, inspired by the Resistance, breathing again after the suffocation of Fascist cant, writing

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 38

by HENRY ALLEN

A. _ ___ ___ ___
4 214 206 60
Chinese commander at the Battle of the Yalu, 1894.

B. __ ___ ___ ___
26 134 22 208
"He hears/On all sides, from innumerable tongues,/A dismal universal _____ . . ." Milton, Paradise Lost.

C. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
122 44 92 192 140 18 88 104 Horn of ivory.

D. ___ ___ ___
188 152 164
"He girded up his loins, and _____before Ahab." I Kings.

E. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
216 182 10 30 48 220 194
"Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,/By famous _____ city..." Browning "The Pied Piper of Hamelin."

F. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
52 80 176 196 178 132 112 40 184
To make stable or firm.

G. ___ ___ ___ ___
12 66 186 224 Intense longings. (Slang)

H. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
198 16 58 154 86 124 138 24 Holds in.

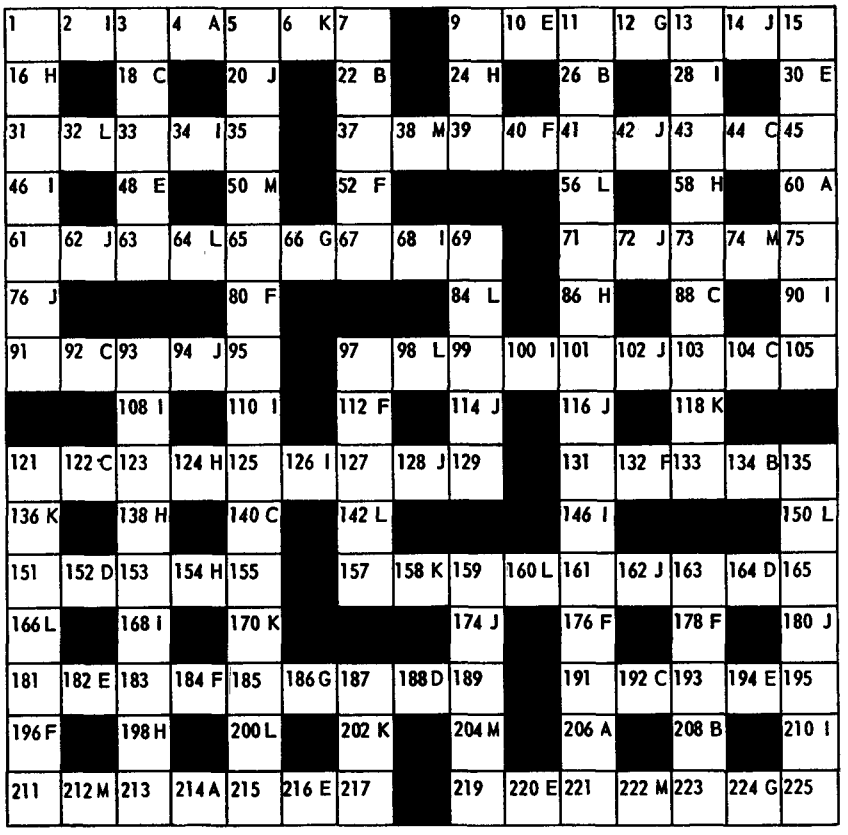
I. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
90 2 146 168 34 126 68 28 110 108 210 100 46
The few to whom so many owed so much. (5,3,5)

J. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
20 72 180 116 76 94 128 42 14 114 174 102 162 62 In low spirits. (4,2,3,5)

K. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
158 6 118 202 170 136
A work of the Acrostician. (3–3)

L. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
166 32 64 160 56 98 84 150 142 200
Tough; dogged. (4–6)

M. ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
50 212 204 74 38 222
"_____from Pharoah's bitter yoke/Jacob's sons and daughters..." John Mason Neale, "Come ye Faithful, Raise the Strain."



Across

1. Vehicle of the Acrostician.
9. What a character actor is not when his part is still hand-written.
31. Why peer in Burke so soon?
37. Lee's halo'd go awry on rented property.
61. Let 152 share with the Merry Monarch. (7,2)
71. Set free and lose nothing.
91. The pony may come to a point.
97. The Picts sure may have used such tart casings. (3,6)
121. Unchanging things are heard at Kay's.
131. Have lock. Will travel. Listen!
151. A room all in the southeast.
157. Stan's done with soft rock.
181. Mary holds a chi ne with contrivances.
191. May be grand, soap, or horse.
211. Not any authority, night or day.
219. Dost require ten seed?

Down

1. One can keep a patella.
3. Where the Swedes beat the Russians around Varna.
5. No trouble with royalties for these poems? (6,2,3,4)
7. Lesions? No, no! Small bits of land.
9. City in Japan or America?
11. Kissing rock with a gift of gab? (3,7,5)
13. Spurn cool Roman official.
15. Ball teams may be artful!
69. Enumerations of the Times.
93. Does Len carp on the Win or Show? (3,6)
97. Longs for the part of Rome Respighi wrote about.
121. Mush can bake or break a 19th century actress.
135. West art may display a variant family name of 61 Across.
159. Why, in the middle of the day, there's a French city!
163. Fat is in the microbe secretions!
187. Dine in little, attractive surroundings.

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was socially conscious, epical, documentary. Now "literature has retreated from epic to elegy," or into the linguistic tension of dialect, or into fantasy. But all these tendencies are still basically realistic.

Second, there is the ancient classical tradition in which man is the center and measure of all things. Just as the human figure has always been the main concern of Italian painting—with landscape left to the Dutch, the Flemish, the English—so you will find few Italian writers who depict the beauty of their land, leaving that kind of celebration to foreigners. A German or a Swede will rhapsodize the Blue Grotto; an Italian is more likely to write about some scurrilities that took place there.

Italians have always excelled in the shorter forms of fiction rather than in the novel. During the nineteenth century, when Britain, the United States, France, and Russia were bursting with great novelists, the peninsula could show only three figures of note—Manzoni, Verga, and Nievo. But from the *Novellino* and Boccaccio to our own day, these people have always loved to spin a yarn. The anecdote, the sketch, the wry tale (frequently of infidelity and the devices of concealment), the elegy, the nostalgic reminiscence—all these short bursts of storytelling are more congenial to the intuitive and dramatic Italian temperament than is the studied structure of the novel. Add to this the fact that almost every day newspapers here publish "short shorts" on the Third Page, and that since few writers expect to make a living out of their art, there is little or no self-censorship to accommodate oneself in advance to a magazine style or to a Hollywood contract. Italian fiction, no matter what other limitations it may have, is not likely to be mannered: one senses always an individual voice, an individual vision.

OUT OF THIS PLENITUDE of short fiction, Mr. Johnson has made his choice, and, given his avowed predilection, it is an excellent one. The three fountainheads of modern Italian writing—Pirandello, Verga, and the lesser-known Federigo Tozzi—are well represented, and there is a story by the extraordinary Italo Svevo which alone is worth the price of admission. Fearful of the oncoming of death, the sixty-seven-year-old narrator reasons as follows:

"God only knows what the effects of monkey glands are. Perhaps a rejuvenated man will be driven to climb the nearest tree when he sees a beautiful woman. Even so, this is a pretty juvenile act.

"This I understand: Mother Nature is a maniac. That is to say, she has a mania for reproduction. She maintains life within an organism so long as there is hope of its reproducing itself. Then she kills it off . . . I have always been quite enterprising. And without resorting to an operation I wanted to hoodwink Mother Nature into believing that I was still fit for reproduction, so I took a mistress. . . . I regarded taking a mistress as a decision equivalent to entering a pharmacy. Then, of course, matters complicated themselves a little. It ended with my awareness that a whole person cannot be used as a medicine . . ."

Mr. Johnson, who has done most of the translations in this anthology, has superbly carried over the tart flavor of Svevo's irony. But the Triestino's humor is a rare note in the brooding melancholy of most of these tales. What are some of the happenings in this gray, un-Technicolored Italy? Malaria blights Verga's earth, and a property-mad farmer kills his own ducks and turkeys because he cannot take them along on his journey into death. Pirandello holds up again the bitter mirror of his anguish: a reversal of the Adoration, this time, in which a father tears off the cassock of his son, an unworthy priest. Tozzi is represented by two twisted stories in which the tourist will not find a trace of the brilliant flag-tossing and procession of the Palio: this is a Siena of obsession and desiccated nullity. Corrado Alvaro, one of the best of the early Southern writers, evokes sun-baked Mediterranean afternoons: "My neighbor seemed an earthenware sculpture. I seem one myself. Where I come from we all have that look, that resemblance to figurines unearthed by excavation . . ." In a convalescent home, Moravia's cold clinical eye and antiseptic prose examine the psyche of a sick boy (aren't so many of his characters sick?) who attempts to seduce a sick little girl in the same hospital, merely to prove his virility to a boastful older man in the ward. The stylists are best represented by Vitaliano Brancati, a Sicilian who died too soon, by the antennae of Bonaventura Tecchi, and by the Virginia Woolf-like sensibility of Gianna Manzini. Here is a child jumping rope:

"The rope passes under her feet and the arc it describes round her figure, yielding and ill-defined at first, gradually becomes clear-cut as a quiver traverses it. Faster, still faster, skipping on her toes. Now she touches the ground so fleetingly that she seems hardly to touch it at all, tapping so quickly.

"The child is cut off by those turns, vibrant and precise: thicker still they draw together, unite, gay and dazzling; they sketch a transparent cocoon."

Dino Buzzati fashions a parable of a seven-storied hospital, but a metaphor alone is not a poem, and the allegory fails to come off. The Piedmontese Cesare Pavese, a sort of mythical figure to most younger Italian writers, is represented here by a clumsy, tormented love story that I don't think will help explain his reputation; its chief interest is the light it casts on the author's suicide in 1950. Italo Calvino's "UNPA Nights" is in his earlier vigorous Resistance style; this talented writer has since turned to Ariosto-like fantasy in which characters live in trees. Pratolini remains faithful to the neo-realistic formula, but the calculated populism of this style already seems as dated as the flapper. Giuseppe Berto, better known to Americans for his postwar *The Sky Is Red,* offers an amusing account of the midnight trysts of a schoolboy, and the multi-talented Mario Soldati sketches a deft and biting portrait of an obscene philanthropist. Natalia Ginzburg's slice of life is written in case-record prose in which instead of syntax following drama. you have a series of sentences like freight cars, each bearing necessary information in a subject-verb-object sequence, all rattling past a siding. Still, this documentarian writer projects a valid image of a certain kind of Italian male: the spoiled, self-indulgent do-nothing. Several of

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Mr. Secretary Peel

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ECONOMIC WORLD—*March 1961*

$560 PROJECT PAYS DIVIDENDS FOR 300 KOREAN FARMERS

"In April, 1960 a private volunteer U. S. agency decided to come to the rescue of the children of a small South Korean village by raising the living standards of the entire community through increased rice production.

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the best of the younger writers—Domenico Rea, Anna Maria Ortese, Giose Rimanelli, and the late Silvio d'Arzo—complete this stimulating selection which ranges the length of the peninsula. Ortese's "A Pair of Glasses" summarizes one of the guiding ideas of the editor: A myopic child living in a Neapolitan slum is finally provided, at great sacrifice, with a pair of glasses. But the sight of reality, formerly blurred, makes the child vomit.

WHICH BRINGS ME BACK to my original question. Is Italian reality —the over-all impression of it—as depressing as all this? How much is landscape and how much is inscape? How much distortion is inevitable in the notion that the deeper you go down into a coal mine, the more reality you will find?

Mr. Johnson believes that Italians are a melancholy people, the melancholy deriving from constant disappointments and a constant sense of hopelessness. I'm not so sure. These gifted and attractive people are certainly fatalistic; they are certainly convinced that man's will cannot alter the state of affairs very much; that each man (or family, or tribe) is an island unto itself and owes no responsibility to any other islands; that all government is corrupt; that idealism—whether in politics, social welfare, or anything else—is either a calculated fraud or an Anglo-Saxon disease (remember, there was never a Romantic movement in Italy); that, in short, with sufficient *pazienza*, *pasta asciutta*, and *amore*, it's possible to survive on a day-to-day basis.

But although this observation may sometimes make the foreign observer unhappy, I am not at all convinced that the mass of Italians are depressed. In their daily rounds I find them better adjusted (too well adjusted) to their world than, let us say, neurotic Americans, or Frenchmen caught in a Cartesian trap or in *amour-propre*, or Germans vacillating from sickly sentimentality to the brutality of Nazi "ideals." The Italian doesn't seem to believe in anything except beauty, the stomach, and love—a trinity which, though provincial, is rather charming.

In this anthology you will find the stomach and love.

Close to Us

ALFRED KAZIN

NOBODY KNOWS MY NAME: MORE NOTES OF A NATIVE SON, by James Baldwin. *Dial. $4.50.*

Recently, a scholar investigating the Negro novel in America discovered that of sixty-two Negro novelists writing between 1853 and 1952, forty published only one novel; eleven published only two; only eleven published more than two. Certainly one reason for this situation is the economic difficulties that so many Negro writers have had, a lack of encouragement from publishers and a lack of audience among Negroes as among whites. But surely another reason is that too often a writer turns to the novel not because his talent lies in fiction, not even because he wants to write fiction, but because he hopes to make his experience seem as individual and artistically realized as possible. To many writers in this country the novel seems the only badge of "creativity," and it is understandable that a Negro would aim for the novel as a way of gaining distinction for his individual experience.

This is a kind of thinking that operates among many minorities in this country, for one of the incidental blows to a writer's self-respect is the belief that everybody knows about his background anyway, and that the only way for him to get out of the rut of Harlem or the East Bronx is by transmuting his experience into a conscious work of art. But of course the deliberate transmutation of one's own experience into "fiction" works badly. The book doesn't really hang together on its own terms, as the novel of a genuine novelist does. So after the first, transparently autobiographical novel, the second requires a wholly imaginative conception that often isn't there. And even among the pros, those who write novels because they think in narrative, there is often a strained and "hypothetical" quality, to adapt the title of one of James Baldwin's essays, that suggests the writer is trying to do certain things in and with the novel to show that he can do them.

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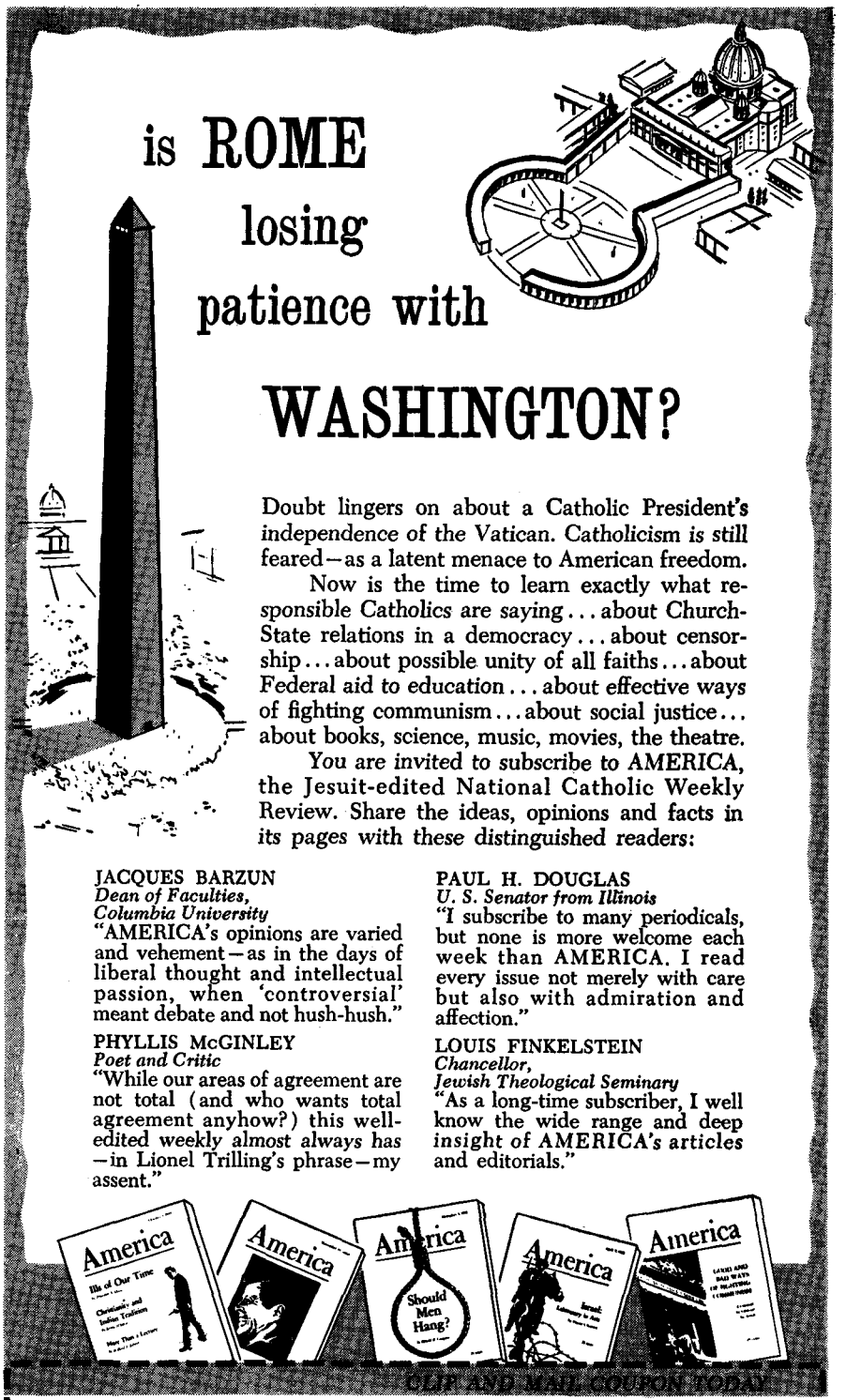
Baldwin himself, who is certainly a good novelist and is likely to become an even better one, nevertheless strained pretty hard in *Giovanni's Room* to show that he could write a novel entirely about a sexual conflict among white people. That was a "hypothetical" situation, and in some respects the novel remained hypothetical too.

When I read Baldwin's first collection of essays, *Notes of a Native Son,* I realized that the tortured intellectual consciousness I felt behind his fiction could be turned into the self-representation of an absolutely first-class essayist, reporter, and social critic. *Notes of a Native Son* is one of the two or three best books ever written about the Negro in America, and it is the work of an original literary talent who operates with as much power in the essay form as I've ever seen. I'm sure that Baldwin doesn't like to hear his essays praised (seemingly) at the expense of his fiction. And I'm equally sure that if Baldwin were not so talented a novelist he would not be so remarkable an essayist. But the great thing about his essays is that the form allows him to work out from all the conflicts raging in *him,* so that finally the "I," the "James Baldwin" who is so sassy and despairing and bright, manages, without losing his authority as the central speaker, to show us all the different people hidden in him, all the voices for whom the "I" alone can speak.

Each of his essays in this new book is a facet of this different experience, each is a report from the battlefield that is himself, that he sometimes feels may be *only* himself: he is in Paris as an American writer, he attends a congress of "Negro-African" writers where he certainly doesn't feel altogether at home, he indignantly describes a slummy housing project in Harlem, he speaks up for the Negroes who broke up the U.N. meeting by protesting against Lumumba's murder, he goes South for the first time in his life, he is in Stockholm to interview Ingmar Bergman. No doubt other writers could have done all these pieces coolly, as correspondents from another shore to us; for Baldwin, each of his subjects represents a violent conflict in himself.

The extraordinary thing about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these essays is that he can give voice to all his insights and longings and despairs without losing control—indeed, without ever missing his chance to dig in deeper. Speaking now with the moral authority of the future, now with the bitterness of Harlem, now with the sophistication of the perennial American abroad, now with the toughness of the adventurer who knows the slums and messes of Paris, now as the dopester on Gide's marriage, now as the literary celebrity moving in the company of other celebrities, he somehow manages never to enjoy things so well that he will get heedless, never suffers so constantly that he will lose himself. He is bitter yet radiantly intelligent as he seizes the endless implications in the oppression of man by man, of race by race. To be James Baldwin is to touch on so many hidden places in Europe, America, the Negro, the white man—to be forced to understand so much! He has a relatively weak essay on Norman Mailer and other white friends who romanticize the Negro sexually. But Baldwin himself, in what is probably his best piece, "Fifth Avenue, Uptown," can say: "The Southerner remembers, historically and in his own psyche, a kind of Eden in which he loved black people and they loved him. Historically, the flaming sword laid across this Eden is the Civil War. Personally, it is the Southerner's sexual coming of age, when, without any warning, unbreakable taboos are set up between himself and his past. Everything, therefore, is permitted him except the love he remembers and has never ceased to need. The resulting, indescribable torment affects every Southern mind and is the basis of the Southern hysteria."

The humiliation and worse that the Negro remembers can also become an issue of hysteria—and it is extraordinary how Baldwin can manage so often to suggest both the Negro's impatience for the future and his own despair in the present, both the understanding made necessary by despair and the futility of intelligence in the face of so much despair. What the "Negro-African" writers in Paris "held in common was their precarious, their unutterably painful relation to the white world." This is often the endless subject of the American Negro's life. But powerful and lashing as Baldwin can be when he accuses the white man, he also knows that oppression has worked its way into his own character. What ultimately makes these essays so impressive and moving is not merely the *use* Baldwin makes of his conflicts but the fact that this personal form is an urgent necessity. This is the book of a deeply troubled man, the spiritual autobiography of someone who hopes, by confronting more than one beast on his way, to see whether his fear is entirely necessary.

When one is a Negro always in the path of this juggernaut of hate and suspicion and exclusion, how can one say where the social cruelty ends and one's private weaknesses begin? Who can say just how much the Negro as actor, the Negro as dissembler in the white man's world—how much of this has been made by "society" and how much by family hatred, love, and jealousy? Of all the many things I admire about Baldwin's essays, I think what I admire most is this: more than any other Negro writer whom I, at least, have ever read, he wants to describe the exact place where private chaos and social outrage meet. He wants to know just how far *he* is responsible for his unhappiness. Of course he can sum up the social paranoia of Southern racists "who are quite incapable of telling you what it is they are afraid of. They do not really know what it is they are afraid of, but they know they are afraid of something, and they are so frightened that they are nearly out of their minds." But he can also say generally, remembering his experiences in Europe, that "In America, the color of my skin had stood between myself and me; in Europe, that barrier was down. . . . It turned out that the question of who I was was not solved because I had removed myself from the social forces which menaced me . . . The question of who I was had at last become a personal question, and the answer was to be found in me."

The answer, perhaps, but not the cause. Baldwin will face what has become a personal condition, but of course he will not let off history, society, man in general. He is too intelligent to rest on the soft and psychological cliché that allows so many middle-class white Americans to absolve the society that feeds them. He knows that in certain crucial areas we are all under the same pressures. "The one thing that all Americans have in common is that they have no other identity apart from the identity which is being achieved on this continent." And the fact that Baldwin, a preacher's son, ends every essay with a plea that something be done to make us more human, that this is the job for which we really and at long last must look to each other—this expresses the American hope about as obstinately as I've seen it done in our languishing time. And how funny and touching and like Baldwin it is that these sermony endings should follow on as ruthlessly deep an analysis of American incapacity as we are likely to get. "In short, I had become an American. I had stepped into, I had walked right into, as I inevitably had to do, the bottomless confusion which is both public and private, of the American republic." No wonder that the range of feeling, the vibration of so many conflicts, puts this book as close to us as any personal document can be.

Africa's Quest For Maturity

LLOYD McKIM GARRISON

THE EDGE OF FREEDOM, by John B. Oakes. *Harper. $3.50.*

This small book (129 pages) deals with our relations with Africa and Africa's relations with the Communist bloc. *The Edge of Freedom,* which in spite of its brevity is never hurried, proposes no definitive solutions to a complicated and changing situation. Still, simply because its author, the editor of the New York *Times,* is not sentimental or cynical or doctrinaire, he makes a much-needed and valuable contribution to our understanding of African affairs. Mr. Oakes has no sympathy for any colonialist attitude of

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contempt for Africa's efforts to emerge into freedom—the "what can you expect of them, they're just out of the trees" attitude. And he wastes neither his time nor ours in the usual facile *a priori* condemnation of colonialism's past or present misdeeds. He goes to the heart of the matter: he sees the new African states as engaged in a quest for a maturity that cannot be achieved overnight, and his thinking—it is precise and logical—is aimed at discovering how they can be helped.

Undeniably, the new states are inclined toward neutralism, they are attracted to socialism, their governments tend to be authoritarian. These are three "psychological hurdles" that Americans must face in

determining an effective policy. Mr. Oakes takes the measure of these hurdles and finds that they are not insuperable. Behind the words are facts that can be dealt with.

Mr. Oakes feels that we should respect African espousals of neutralism even if this means seeing Africans occasionally voting against us in the United Nations. In the long run, if Africa can develop a genuine neutralism, the West, not the East, will be the real winner. It would be "a hopeless and self-defeating course," he writes, "if in our efforts to hold Africa to our side we merely concentrate on keeping the Russians altogether out of that continent." What is urgently needed is a bold program of western aid in every form to help the new African states gain stability and protect both their independence and neutrality; if we don't compete with the Communists, these states will have neither before long.

As Mr. Oakes points out, the Soviets have a head start as the "champion" of the neutrals. The Communists have no colonial record

DOROTHY PARKER

in Esquire . . . on The Memoirs of Casanova

It seems to me four or five times every day is too much. There is a picture on each cover, showing great dark circles under his eyes and gaunt cheeks. And why not, for God's sake?

MARCEL AYMÉ

beginning a story in Esquire

Beneath a moonless sky two murderers met at a crossroad. So furtively were they moving through the night that they came face to face, each without having heard the other's footsteps, and each gave a start of alarm that the other mistook for a threat . . .

GAY TALESE

in Esquire . . . on Eighth Avenue

It is hard to believe that this has-been street was rather elegant a century ago, and that horse-drawn carriages lined up outside the Havemeyer mansion on Eighth Avenue and Fifty-eighth Street, and that the great homes that stood on Eighth Avenue had spacious lawns, gardens and orchards that expanded westward to the Hudson River.

SYBILLE BEDFORD

in Esquire . . . on Lady Chatterley's trial

The world now knows that verdict, but for us, who waited on that day, it was a long three hours before we heard—still incredulous in relief—those words: Not Guilty. A ripple of applause broke out, stentoriously suppressed; there was no other comment. It is customary for the Judge to express thanks to the Jury; Mr. Justice Byrne did not do so, and the words were spoken by the Clerk.

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in The New York Herald Tribune . . . on Esquire

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From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. P-4, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

in Africa; we do—if only from guilt by association with our European NATO partners who still have colonial interests. The Soviets have been quick to offer assistance with little of the red tape that characterizes our aid negotiations; we have been pitifully slow to respond to Africa's needs and where we have, it has all too often appeared as if we acted only because the Communists moved in first. Our sudden interest in extending aid to Marxist Guinea, for example, has seemed linked to the fact that the Eastern bloc and the Red Chinese have been pouring in money and technicians from almost the first week of that country's freedom from France.

As for one-man rule, "It grows out of the tradition of the chieftaincy and it is nurtured by the necessity of creating a stable national state where none had existed before."

We don't have to like such developments, says Mr. Oakes, but there is little we can do to change the trend except by patiently seeking to do away with conditions that contribute to it—illiteracy, disease, and lack of economic opportunity. But neither a respect for African neutrality nor massive aid will be effective without an equal respect for African aspirations.

The author is critical of the United States abstention on the anti-colonial resolution last fall in the U.N., and applauds the Kennedy administration's stand in the U.N. on Portuguese Angola: "If we had voted in favor of the anti-colonial resolution, we would not have broken up NATO nor lost the friendship of the British people. The Canadians voted for it, and so did the Dutch and Italians and Scandinavians and Formosan Chinese." Under the Eisenhower administration, we could be counted on to side automatically with our allies on almost any issue involving colonialism in Africa; there are many, of course, who would like us to continue keeping Europe happy rather than trying to win a "popularity contest" in Africa, especially with the West Berlin crisis approaching. Mr. Oakes takes a balanced view of the problem. "This is not to say that the United States ought to desert its European allies to follow every African or Asian whim," he writes, just as it would be folly for the United States to "slavishly follow the desire of some or all of its allies in every diplomatic area."

The United States, Mr. Oakes concludes, "can be most effective politically in Africa by not being political at all, by extending the maximum of help through the U.N. to minimize any suggestion that we desire to involve the African states in the struggle between East and West." While this will scarcely please the African sentimentalist or the European-oriented cynic, neither has yet conceived of an approach that makes such good sense.

Sumer Is Icumen In

GEORGE STEINER

SUMER, THE DAWN OF ART, by André Parrot. *Golden Press. $20.*

In early art a statue is not primarily a representation. It is a reality, often mysterious and terrifying, a live shape which the sculptor unleashes from the block of stone. It is not an imitation of a demon or a lion, but the demon and the beast itself, made more real than life by virtue of weight and permanence. The statue of the god becomes a god; it is worshiped not as a symbol but as actual divine presence. Hence the drastic prohibitions of Mosaic law against any material portrayal of God.

In no art are spiritual forces more completely materialized than in Sumerian sculpture and relief. At one time in the valley of the Euphrates, in Sumer, the gods literally became stone, basalt, or baked clay. Looking at the weird statuettes found in Sumerian graves of the third millennium, one realizes that these are both miracles and traps of the imagination. They do not solicit the mind to any transcendence. No intimation of the divine glows beyond or in back of these beaked, horned, large-breasted figures. They are themselves the gods. To hold them is to worship stone and clay.

Sumerian art never lost this qual-

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ity. A figurine found at Lagash and dated as of the twenty-first century B.C. shows a being approaching an altar to sacrifice a small bird. This being has the trunk of a man but the head of a ravenous lion, and instead of hands it has paws. It is one of the most disturbing images ever conjured up by an artist. It seems to betoken a stage of awareness in which men were not yet assured of the stability of their own shape, in which the human form was a precarious singularity amid the endless possibilities of the bestial or the demonic.

And although Sumerian portraits of kings and high priests are among the masterpieces of world art, they retain a quality of inhuman remoteness. The formidable royal heads from Mari (now in the Damascus Museum) gaze at us out of a queer domain midway between the human and the divine. With their enormous eyes, beaked noses, and woven sinuous beards, these heads seem to embody the instant in which mortal forms pass into ritual fixity. The figures of the god and goddess Abu from Tell Asmar suggest that men can create deities only in their own imperfect image. These tense figures, with their staring eyes and tiny, clawlike hands, imply that the gods are like us, only more rapacious, more implacable, more human in their vices.

With the conquest of Sumeria by Sargon and his dynasty (2470-2285 B.C.), life in Mesopotamia took on a more worldly and spacious tone. From this period date some of the most incisive portraits achieved by any art before Rome. The bronze head of Sargon discovered at Nineveh puts us in the presence of a complex being whose ironic, sensuous smile has come down intact through four and a half millennia. From this time also dates the famous pink sandstone stele of Naram-Sin, on which Sargon's grandson is seen vanquishing his foes. As in Velásquez's "Surrender of Breda," a few figures, cunningly grouped, are made to convey the mass and movement of an entire army. André Parrot, the author of this superb volume, is unassailable when he claims that "the anonymous maker of this Akkadian stele was certainly a genius, indeed one of the greatest sculptors of all times."

So, one may add, were the creators of the so-called Gudea statues now in the Louvre or of the compact, vibrant figure of Queen Napir-Asu from Susa. And only Picasso has rivaled the sculptor of the bull's head from Lagash in his uncanny rendition of what it must feel like inside an animal's skin. With the end of the Sumerian kingdom in 1155, more than two thousand years of brilliant and remarkably stable art came to a close. What lay ahead was the massive, secular vision of the Assyrians.

EVEN the most jaded of reviewers will find it difficult to avoid superlatives when dealing with this first volume of the projected forty-volume series *The Arts of Mankind*. André Malraux and Georges Salles, the general editors, intend to create for all who can afford the price what Malraux has called "the museum without walls." By means of photography, the owner of these books will have at his reach a nearly complete vision of the art of the world, introduced and described by the ranking expert in each domain. As Malraux has argued in *The Voices of Silence*, the camera and modern techniques of color reproduction have brought even the most remote and esoteric art forms within the compass of ordinary men. It is now possible for each of us to wander at will through a gallery of the mind more inclusive than any Louvre or Prado could ever hope to be.

André Parrot's *Sumer* is the first hall of this new museum. It is sumptuously set out. No effort has been spared to make the complex pattern of Sumerian chronology and local styles lucid to the eye. Each chapter is accompanied by detailed maps and tables. The text is unpretentious yet authoritative and takes into account recent excavations. But it is the pictures that carry the main burden. They are brilliant. Photographed against a black background, the subtle gold and green of the statuettes seem to stand out from the page. Now and again, the shots are distorted by some of Malraux's favorite tricks—melodramatic highlights, coy juxtapositions of antique and modern, capricious enlargement of detail. But in the great majority of cases, the photography is clear and scrupulous.

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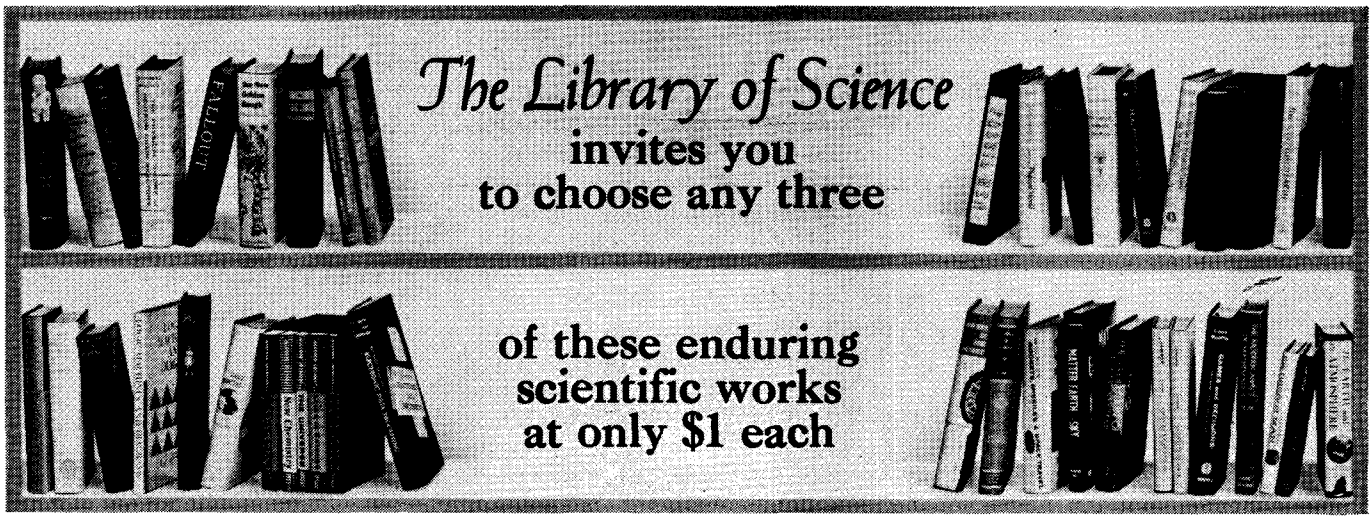

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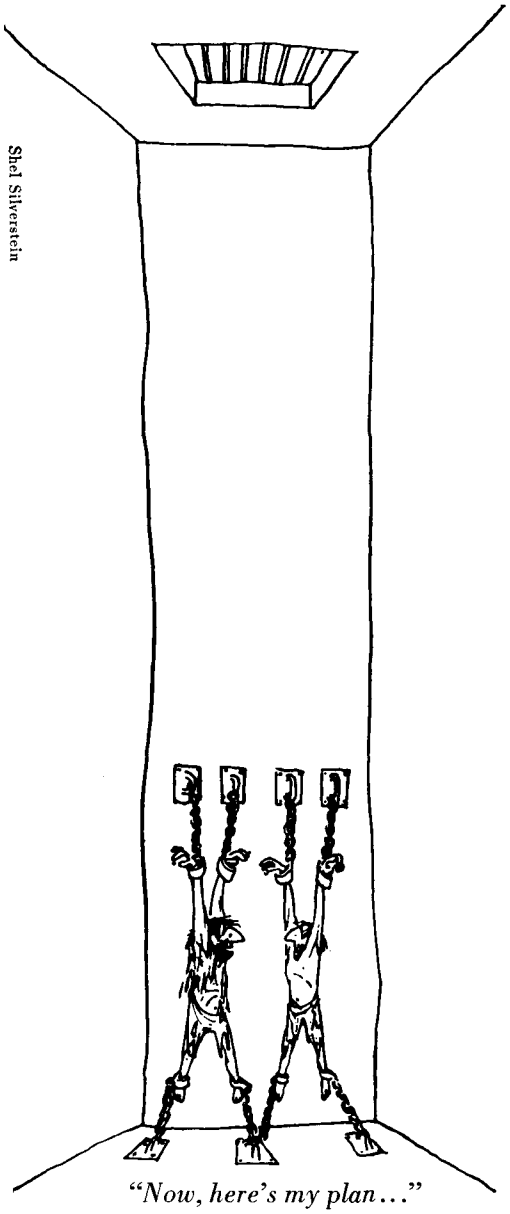

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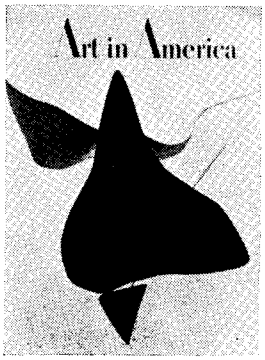

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